MOTHER SETON.

NOTES BY

REV. SIMON GABRIEL BRUTÉ.

(BISHOP OF VINCENNES.)

From original papers in the possession of the Community.

Not to be communicated to externs.

1884.

WEST CENTRAL PROVINCE
143 ARCHIVES

WEST CENTRAL PROVINCIAL
ARCHIVES

The last week of Oct. she relapsed but on the 5 Nov. I find her again well.

J. M. J.

✠

Sunday, 24 September, 1820.
Our Lady of Mercy.
Called from Emmittsburg for Mother Seton.

"Come, our Mother is dying!" So called the Sisters at the door of the confession room, as I heard the confession of a man of the turnpike,—an emigrant. The name of "mother,"—a "dying mother," struck his ears as from the other shore—mine too;—but this, this one too a mother to me for ten years, for affection, wisdom, good advice like my mother of the other shore.

I start,—the first horse at hand. I pass the Sisters on their way home. I enter the chapel. Old mother Jordan, and her

daughter, and two or three in prayers. A calmness so striking;—and in the room I enter the same calm silence—Mother very weak .May be not so near her passage to her other life, yet I will be long absent once returned to High Mass, so:

"I will do every thing my Mother." The sign of holy piety and consent.

"Confess all in general, my Mother, to receive once more absolution."

She does, aloud. I stop, and conclude, and announce her the last indulgence.

I prepare, and some Sisters come in, and Josephine, her daughter, comes in too. Mother so calm, so present, so recollected, and wholly trusted to her blessed Lord. Her eyes so expressive,—the look that pierces heaven, and the soul visible in it,—her hand expressive,—her very breathing;—and when I require, her "yes," pronounced so willingly to her best.

I require her to renew her vows, and she does: "With all my heart."

—To bless her Sisters as being the present Mother, and ask their prayers, and

she does in the simple words: "Yes, I bless them, and ask their prayers." —To bless her daughter Josephine too, and her two sons absent, and she does with such a look to Heaven. Ah, dear children! her look to Heaven and their GOD! her Whole and their Whole!

Then do we proceed. I read all the prayers of that last indulgence. The Sisters, and herself join, particularly when saying "Our Father," and "I confess." I pronounce the blessed words, every one so affecting to the priest, so forcible to CHRIST, who granted these powers loosing and remitting in the very other world. I stretch my hand over her head,—she so submissive and attentive. Her name, Elizabeth. The names she pronounced herself. JESUS, MARY, Joseph... O Heaven! O, that other world! O, the face to face, after this speaking at distance through the invisible!

Then do I plainly propose to Mother as the priest, and as says the very Epistle of this day, "the dispenser of the

mysteries of her Lord and His Church, to say the Litany and Prayer of Agony: "I will be very thankful." I exhort her in a few words to join in full abandon and sacrifice. I exhort also her Sisters, but the poor daughter cries aloud, and I try to check her gently, to entreat her to spare for best love the mother's heart that has need of such a sacred peace, and union. She does her best; we all begin, the entreaties, and the names of that Litany, that last sounds to the mortal hearing, and calls so forcibly for the communion of Saints— "Lord, have mercy!"— Father.....Son...Redeemer.... Holy Ghost...MARY, pray for her!... Holy Abraham!. Abel.. Just souls... Holy Apostles,— Martyrs... hermits ... virgins and widows...O my Soul! mind all this for thy own time!. And I rise to say: "Depart Christian Soul! The poor Josephine cries more. Mother is calm, recollected, minds nothing but her last graces.

"I have finished all, my Mother. I go to the altar. Unite during the Holy Sac-

rifice. Have your soul in the whole Sacrifice. Rejoice in holy hope." And she does by a look, and a hand half lifted. "Hope, because you hope not in yourself. Say with the Psalmist: "I rejoice in what is said to me, we go in the house of the Lord." She unites well—"Say in the heart often: 'In Thy hands, O, Father! I commend my spirit' "...'In Thee, my Lord! I have hoped, I will not be confounded' ". She does unite in all, and I leave the room,—the chapel,—entreat Josephine in the choir to be courageous, favor the sacred peace of her mother, and when ready to burst into tears to leave for a moment the room—I write a note to the Superior * 9½—gallop to town, arrive just at ten, and say High Mass.

✠

After Vespers, and preaching on Prayer from the Psalm 144, "I will extol Thee, my GOD, my King, I will praise

* Father Dubois.

Thee, yea, forever and ever."—a psalm pointed to me so particularly by Mother long years ago as so elevating, and melting;—having given Benediction, I went to baptize old Mary, two miles in Pennsylvania. I could not be at the Sisters' before half past six.

"Come, Mother wishes to see you."

I went. They retired. I confessed once more that soul of faith, so eager to gather all the grace her own JESUS trusted to His Church from the Garden and the Cross.

Benediction for the house at the altar. "O Salutaris Hostia," then "Jerusalem," a canticle ever pleasing to poor Mother, and to conclude sung the Ave MARIA. The bell! The sound to her comes...a heart ever so devout to the adorable Sacrament... Some sobs heard behind me, for it was the common thought she was parting from them this night. After Benediction they sung, "Praise GOD." When come to the sacristy they told me she had asked this anthem as something to the Blessed Trinity.

To her room. She reproached herself to have expressed even that.

"I only pronounced the word, 'Praise GOD;' they thought I asked for it."

She was "quiet;" her habitual answer when asked how she feels;—"quiet," adding sometimes, "very quiet."

I asked her if she was pleased I would let her former friends know that she was very grateful for their affection and attention. "O! yes," and I named some, she named others. I began naming Bishop Cheverus and our good Archbishop. "Yes;" and she added Mr. Sibourd for whom I knew she has a great respect, and Mr. Dubourg—I added, and Mr. Flaget, and she, "Mr. David—to ask him pardon for all pains I gave him," said she with emotion.

And I named Mr. John Hickey, to which she nodded—"and your friend Mr. Filicchi,"—to which she assented with much gratitude.

And I added: "It is only that they the better pray for you," and she said

with earnestness: "I ask their prayers; it is prayers I ask."

Finally, I say: "Mother, not to fatigue you, you permit me to repeat the same to any we forget now in your name?" "Yes, all."

—"And then pray also for us,—pray for me."

One Sister, her old friend asked if Mother would agree * for her that night, yet not to insist—I then offered it as lightly as I could, but Mother turned with marked displeasure at a desire.

"Why should I desire any thing?—why do you say so?"

I replied immediately I thought as she thought; better leave them to settle such things as they saw best; and I added,—to which she consented much.—"We will have but the word of Saint Francis of Sales; 'I have desired little, and I desire less than ever:" I gave them that answer.

However, she had first desired I

* This probably in reference to sitting up at night.

might remain the night, and ask the Superior's * permission, sleeping in the sacristy—I knew her faith for the presence of the priest, and indeed the wish of the rituals that he might remain by the dying souls, but on my observing: "Better not; besides, I trust you do not die this night," she did not insist one word. I then left, saying to her that I would go and sleep in town at Mr. Hughes' to be nearer, if a call was supposed necessary. I went at half past seven...

I counted many of the hours, sometimes praying for her, sometimes beginning a thought. "What next when she is gone!" Then giving up immediately. Providence all adorable and amiable.

I came this morning a little before five. She had not a moment's rest last night, but she is "quiet." I only kneel to say "Our Father," and "Hail Mary;" then, "Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts"—She interrupts at the verse—

* Father Dubois.

"I did not hear,"—so I say: "what, Mother?"

She then repeats a little louder, with the eyes to heaven. It was the verse, "and they will be created."

I then told her that it was Communion for all, but that we could not have in conscience kept her fasting. Her desire of Communion is so great that I feared it might try her, as her daughter Anina was, but she agreed most simply that it was well. I then suggested the spiritual Communion and the word of her Saviour, so full: "I thirst."

Conscious all night uniting in some prayers with Sister Susan, and once having cast away a handkerchief as if rebuking it, she felt reproach, and requested Sister Susan to say for her a "Hail Mary" of acknowledgment and expiation.

The moment before Mass I enter. Sister Susan is saying the morning pray-

ers for her, uniting thus to all the exercises.

Mother, I go to the altar. Offer your holocaust, propitiation, impetration, thanksgiving.

"Yes; I thank you."

I repeat: "*Holocaust* and *thanksgiving*," two of her main inclinations, and I go, and all come to Communion, —she not, which I regret much.

Good Mother seemed asleep most time during Mass. All, O, my GOD! towards these last times depends much on the interior habits of a blessed soul. Alas! so great the impotence for persevering exertion. I saw her after, and encouraged the holy offering of the whole day. The Superior then came.

I saw her at three, afternoon,—a little better. A state of fever which shows some life still remains. She drinks more freely to day. A proposition for the application of mercury is received from Baltimore, but seems of too late application. I abstain, on my side, from any responsible advice...She invites me

to a seat by the bed, listens to a few words, I say to her: "How the rule supports, filling every moment," for I found her uniting to the exercise of three o'clock for the agony of our Lord, Sister Susan reading the prayer for her. So does she direct all the exercises to be performed by her side.

I went to town, said my office at the church thinking how Mr. Duhamel did also respect and love that excellent soul.

I returned at six,—much the same,—fever pretty high—very fatigued, yet attentive to my two little parting words: "Well, my mother! offer this night, and keep at moments your union to your blessed Lord,—His love—His will,—His peace."

"I hope;" she says, and receives blessed water. I leave her—O, my Lord! for to-morrow let us see Thy providence—Thy will!

September 26. Told when I arrived that there appears some hope still,—that may be last Sunday was a crisis, and life is returning. However, on seeing her I

flatter myself but little. I say to Mother: "Well, they think you a little better—A hard fight, they here below praying their best to keep you with us, they, above calling, I suppose to have you happy with them!—You, the Will,—only the Will."—

"I hope," she answers, "only the Will."

I then gave her blessed water, and she says: "I cannot hear Mass well."

"You do, Mother. I say for your intention and best offering though you then turn to sleep."

I come home, seeing the whole through fancy, as if above saints and angels were praying to the throne to have that soul delivered from our miserable land and safely brought to her last end of praise, and love, and bliss, whilst we, upon earth, though resigned, as she is, to the only Will, pray, and must of duty, pray for her preservation.

September 27. Much better; seems out of danger—I then tell her what I think

of the matter; that to go was her gain, to remain, a further trial,—yet for merit too,—and after all, and above all the only Will,—to go, or to remain the same thing. She fully assents. I showed her the little picture I drew of that invisible contest of prayers in the communion of Saints. * Now for the new course!—and, O my GOD! grant me my own newness of course in more of *Simplicity, and union to Thee alone*, than ever. *God alone! Dieu seul*, said Mr. Boudon! *Amen.*

Sept. 28th. Alas! alas!—poor chances, and ways of life!—The Doctor was astonished yesterday that we thought her so much better. He sees very little of it, and, in fact, I again drop a great deal of

*Note:—The picture referred to, is a pen and ink sketch full of spirit. It represents Mother Seton suspended midway between earth and heaven. chains attach her to praying souls on earth,—chains attach her to praying souls above. Amongst the latter can be recognized little Rebecca with her crutch.

yesterday's hope. Breast so weak,—so sore!... *O God alone!*

Sept. 29, 30. Better.

October 1. Better, yet in enough danger to authorize receiving in viaticum on this day of the Rosary, which she did.

October 2. Holy Angels. Called me, and with much feeling and sobs said that they had brought to relieve her, the feather bed which served Rebecca, her only mattrass being so hard, that she had not, indeed, called for it, yet felt such relief, that she scrupled much the immortification. She shed tears. I comforted her, recommended her to submit to the charity of her Sisters, and keep humbly her peace. "I will," said she, "since you say so."

October 3, 4, 5. Better. Seems keeping on, yet extremely weak, and pale; still feverish. This morning took leave of Mrs McMeal going to New Orleans; told her to remember her to Rev. Mr. Sibourd.

October 6. I found this morning that she had kept fasting this night for the Communion of the day, though afraid I would not give it. Though I disapproved, I could but give it. Her joy was so uncommon that when I approached, and as I placed the ciborium upon the little table, she burst into tears, and sobbing aloud covered her face with her two hands. I thought first it was some fear of sin, and approaching her, I said: "Be still Mother! peace, peace be to you! Here is the Lord of Peace! Have you any pain? Do you wish to confess?"

"No, no!—only give Him to me."

She said this with ardor, a kind of exclamation, and her whole pale face so inflamed and colored, that I was much affected, and repeating:

"Peace, dear Mother! receive with great peace your GOD of Peace." I proceeded to give her Communion, which she received with great feeling and piety."

She is very weak.

Two o'clock. Again do I begin to

fear from such weakness. Fear without fear! The only adorable Will on her and her Sisters!

NOTE OF REV. MR. BRUTE TO MOTHER.

My good Mother, your poor Spiritual Physician sees you seldom, but it is in order to spare you fatigue. He maintains himself in tranquillity knowing the celestial Physician,—the Well-Beloved,—the only Spouse of your soul is continually present.

Present in love,—confidence,—abandon,—the most tender, the most simple, the most entire abandon.

Present in repeated avowals of contrition, of humility, of dependence, and resignation to suffer all things united to Him,—to His cross.

Present with His peace,—His calm joy,—His profound detachment,—His grace for each moment, pain or consolation.

"For all flesh is grass."—All the glory thereof, O, Mother! O, Josephine! as

the flower of the grass!—but, the word of our God,—His grace, His love, liveth and remaineth forever!...O, joy!—O sweet abandon to Him!

2 January 1821, at St. Joseph's. ✠

Mother.

1st. January. Evening after Benediction extremely low.—I offered the holy absolution,—she desired it,—I spoke the words of love, thanks to Him,—peace.. "My peace I leave to you," all meeting in her look to Heaven, and bowing assent.

2 January. After Mass, at which I recommended prayers for the Mother of the Visitation at Georgetown, whose happy rest in our Lord, I heard yesterday, I was called to Mother "like dying." I went, and she looked almost so.

"I will repeat some acts to you," said

I, kneeling by her. "You need but say yes."

I thus suggested acts of love, thanksgiving, contrition, acceptation of His will, all His adorable and amiable will in every order of life and death. I added an act of petition, to grant her Heaven to love Him, and praise Him forever. She assented with the "yes," or motion of the head and lips. I repeated the holy absolution; then offered the last indulgence, which she was willing to receive.

I went to vest, and many Sisters came in. She joined, to her best while I read the indulgence, for which I made her repeat the holy names of JESUS, MARY and Joseph.

I offered to read the Departing Prayers, and together we said the Litany, and the first prayer, "Depart," she uniting, but at the end she seemed fatigued, and to spare her I ceased, asking her to pray for all, and bless all, to which she answered:—"be sure!" I retired.

Acts to be suggested to Mother.

Tell Mother remember in her pain "The sorrowful soul of our JESUS."—

"Receiving the Chalice for us in Gethsemani"—

"His blessed bloody sweat of most loving salvation"—

"The nails and spear piercing His divine Heart opened to us, our whole rest in it"—

"*I thirst*—O JESUS! we know and thirst also for Thee!"—

"Behold, thy Mother!—Yes, MARY now, at this hour our Mother."

"In thy hands, O, Father, I commend my spirit!" (This last the main word.)

The acts by little quickening questions to which the heart answers easily.

"Don't you love Him with your whole heart?"

"Don't you thank Him for all,—accept all?"

"Don't you suffer willingly with our Saviour?"

"Don't you desire Heaven to see, and love GOD?"

"Don't you repent every sin, and fault of this life, in your JESUS?"

"Don't you wish His glory, and pray for all you love, and all souls?"

"Don't you renew your blessed vows to Him?"

Some ejaculations from the Litanies.

When she received the last sacraments in September Mr. Dubois asked her to bless her whole community there present, and also her daughter, and with her, the boys, which she did, her hand lifted over all, and praying for it.

Yesterday asking Sister Anastasia who most always watches by her at night, if they prayed together—"Often," she told me. Which prayer liked she best? Some of the Litanies, to which she unites more easily: sometimes of JESUS, sometimes of MARY, sometimes of the Infant JESUS, part of them if all fatigues her. "She prays very often," said the Sister

which gave me much consolation, but the greatest consolation is her unabating desire of Holy Communion, missing none since last September, but one, that I can remember. I said, leaving her: "Think not of yourself: think but of your JESUS, whom you have tried to love, and received so often in Communion," to which she gave her usual expressive assent of the "yes" lifted up, which I wish ever to remember.

I was struck with the main thought of Petition after I had left her, and I spoke to a great number of the community who were in the work-room after breakfast. "Ask, and you shall receive. It is your JESUS, your Lord of Truth and Love, who has promised it. Then, ask Heaven for Mother, by a great many aspirations during your work."

Thus, O my Lord! do I note some lines after the former ones three months ago when we thought she was dying,—but now it is in earnest.

That long time has been marked by a few better days, but generally by an

increasing turn of decay, and probably the formation of interior abscesses in the breast. Sometimes the excess of pain was great, and a degree of unwilling uneasiness took place, of which she immediately reproached herself, sometimes calling for me to confess, and purify the fault of it.

Mr. Dubois came at one o'clock. As she had got so much better after the spell in September as to raise hopes of recovery, he thought that Extreme Unction could be repeated. I had announced it to her at twelve, and her answer was: "Very thankful," though she had recovered at that hour a tolerable degree of ease, so much so as to say: "I feel a little better, whether for life, or for death." And even to Josephine: "Mr. Bruté thinks then I am so very low."

Again the last indulgence applied. It is true I had given it also a first time, but so strange are our sensations that may be she feels not herself more low than at that time. Mr. Dubois hav-

WEST CENTRAL PROVINCE
43 ARCHIVES

ing called all the Sisters first addressed them:

"Mother being too weak gives me charge to recommend you at this sacred moment in her place, first, to be united together as true Sisters of Charity: secondly, to stand most faithfully by your rules: thirdly, she requested that I ask you pardon for all the scandals she may have given you. I obey her desire. You know she gave none by the indulgences she was allowed,—she means particularly in what she had to eat, or other allowances for her situation, in which she did but follow my express prescriptions, and those of the physician."

Mr. Dubois then beginning the prayers she lifted up her faint voice to say: "I am thankful Sisters for your kindness to be present at this trial. Be children of the Church—be children of the Church!" she repeated with a heaving breast, as if under a great sense of the consolation and grace of the blessed sacrament which she was receiving, and the word: "O, thankful!" with eyes and expression that

however faint seem to me to absolutely speak that sense and feeling of faith and consolation. The Sisters trying, as it were to hear, I thought I must repeat as much as I could the very words, and said "Sisters, Mother says so and so."

Mr. Dubois then went on, Mother uniting visibly with great interior application, the countenance, the breathing, and half sighs expressed it affectingly, and though Mr. Dubois had requested me to read some verses from the Penetential Psalms to her during the long Latin prayers, I read few, thinking she had her attention enough engaged by the prayers, and administration of the sacrament. Besides, she formerly knew a little Latin, and the use of a great many words of these prayers is so familiar to her, that I thought she could catch much in them, whilst in the beginning Mr. Dubois spoke them more aloud, less towords the end. Then I read her some few verses more, selecting those of contrition, humility, and petition, and finishing in the fourth by: "An humble,

and contrite heart Thou shalt not despise," and "Open my lips, O, Lord! and my mouth shall speak Thy praise." O, Lord! in Heaven that I praise Thee!—

I then left the room with Mr. Dubois, and came home alone. Mr. Dubois came at six having left her nearly in the same situation. When we left after the Extreme Unction she still said to her Sisters: "Pity me,—pray for me!"

January 3, I have seen Mother a moment this morning. In the same situation, and quiet disposition.

In the afternoon as I went to open the retreat of the children for their First Communion. I entered her room to request her to bless them, and pray for them, saying, may be our Lord would spare her to have one Communion more with them on the day of Epiphany. I told her I was beginning with them by the joy the Angels announced to the shepherds, and that which the good Magi felt seeing the star. I repeated to her the verse that says, God does for us "more than we think or ask," and at last

the "Ask, and you shall receive," which I believe I had said also in the morning. "Ask Heaven, Mother! the truth, and love of our JESUS are pledged, having said 'Ask, and you shall receive.' Ask Heaven."

January 4, 1821. "Ask Heaven to praise and love Him" my last words to Mother, at four o'clock in the afternoon were my last indeed, and of any priest on earth to her, for to-day at two after midnight she removed to her eternal Home.

They had called Sister Mary Xavier, the Assistant some time before, as she seemed dying. She was wholly conscious but so often deceived, seemed not to believe it was yet the time. However, after she had welcomed in a pleasant manner Sister Mary Xavier, by: "Is it you Xavier?" she united with their prayers, which they repeated by intervals, and it being manifest she was dying, her poor daughter Josephine began to cry aloud in a distressing manner, and could not restrain herself, but rather had such con-

vulsions as made the Sisters afraid she would die before her mother. So they sent for me, as much for her as for Mother, whom they considered so long and fully prepared.

The dying mother must have well noticed that exceeding grief of her daughter, but happily seemed not to be disturbed by it, being, we hope long tried and strengthened that side. She soon could not breathe, and ceased to live.

I arrived quarter of an hour after she had expired.

Towards midnight, one of the nurses tells me, offering her a drink she refused a moment, "in hope," she said, "that on the morning she might be granted one Communion more,"—(like her Anina)—The night of Sunday last, after the Viaticum of Saturday, being extremely thirsty towards midnight the same nurse, Sister Susan, urged her to drink.

"O, no!" she said "*Eternity*, let us mind that," and she kept on for one Communion more.

Last night, amidst the various prayers

said for her she began the prayer of Pius VII,–"May the most just, the most high, and the most amiable will of GOD be accomplished forever!" Seeing her intention they helped her to finish it.

When Sister Xavier came in at eleven: "Is it you, dear Xavier?" she said with a smile; then, "All you can do is to praise Him."

The Sisters repeated the Prayer after Communion "Anima Christi" and when saying "Blood of JESUS, wash me!" she repeated: "Blood of JESUS, wash me!"—then also the little aspiration: "JESUS, MARY and Joseph, assist me in my last agony!"—and, as said above, "May the most just, the most high, and the most amiable will of GOD be accomplished forever!" which she often repeated during these last days.

She had about an hour of hard agony, then, ending sweetly—When Sister Xavier said: "Our Lord calls you!" she asked "Who?" as if not actually sensible of that call. Then she lowered her breathing, and died very gently, "as if

to sleep," said Sister Anastasia: and not a struggle or gasp afterwards.

Last moments of Mother Seton.

Account rendered to Rev. Mr. Bruté by Sister Mary Xavier.

(The original in French.)

My dear Father,

I will endeavor to comply with your request but the task will be somewhat difficult owing to my poor memory.

Towards one o'clock, or about that hour Sister Anastasia called me saying: "Come quickly: I think Mother is dying!" I hastened to her room—As I approached the bed she said to me with her accustomed affability: "Well! Xavier, how do you do, dear?" I do not remember that I made any answer. Sisters Susan and Anastasia were there, and Josephine also. They told me that she suffered at the pit of the stomach—

I put my hand on the place of suffering.

"Nothing to be done," she said.

I thought she spoke interrogatively, but the Sisters say it was affirmatively. I made no response but knelt down by the bed, though a little behind the other Sisters, and what was most to be deplored I did not think of the order of the Superior, nor of sending the little messenger for you. The symptoms becoming more alarming Sister Anastasia said to me she had promised Sister Cecilia to call her: I told her to do so, but to do it very gently. She came, Sister Sally also, and Sister Joanna. Sister Susan seeing her grow worse said to her, "Dearest Mother, our Lord is going to take you to Himself." Sister Cecilia understood her to respond: "I adore,"—Sister Susan, "Who?"—and I, "What?" Sister repeated: "Our dear Lord is going to take you to Himself. She did not reply. Then, Josephine seeing her growing still weaker began to cry aloud and as she appeared nearly in convul-

sions, I begged the Sisters to take her away from the bed. Mother commenced the little prayer: "May the most just, the most high, and the most amiable will of GOD be accomplished forever!" which Sister Susan finished. Then, I believe the Sisters asked me if you should be sent for? I replied, yes. All the Sisters went, I think, to Josephine, and I found myself alone with Mother. Then I drew near the bed, and knowing how much she loved the French language, above all French prayers, and knowing also the manner in which she liked them said, I repeated softly, and at intervals the Gloria in Excelsis, and portions of the Magnificat. She looked at me, and seemed to smile; I think she was pleased. I said afterwards: "My beloved Mother, the moment so long desired has come at last." I repeated in different forms the same phrase. She was very tranquil. She could only swallow water, but took it when given; she had lost the power of speech. I do not know if you will

give the name of superstition to what I experienced at this sorrowful moment. I felt our Lord was there, close by waiting to receive that beautiful soul. Never have I felt so impressed with His presence. Finally she ceased to breathe, without convulsion, without any extraordinary movement.

I remained near her with the other Sisters. All prayed, but in profound silence. Josephine was more calm. Sisters Cecelia and Susan declare that they heard her sigh half an hour after we believed her dead, but this I consider an effect of the imagination. In some instances a sound is heard in the stomach of persons who have been for some time dead caused by water or the humors, and this perhaps is what the Sisters heard. About half an hour, after she expired you arrived. Sister Susan thinks it was not so long. This is about all, dear Father, my poor memory permits me to recall of such an affecting scene. I hope that while I am writing she regards me from the height

of heaven where she enjoys the most perfect felicity. Her surpassing love of GOD gives me this confidence—Poor Mother! she had such an ardent desire to die;—not in her last moments, she did not express it, but before. She has said it to me with the expression of a soul all transported with the love of GOD. At the time of her first attack, I saw her weep when she found herself convalescing, and so, constrained to linger a while longer on earth. If she had defects, as without doubt she had, since no mortal is without them, I believe they were perfectly effaced by her great love of our divine Saviour. Poor Mother! she loved the unfortunate. The children of the Poor School occupied her thoughts even at the last moment. The very evening of her death, I think it was, she had sent for me to inquire if they had something for their dinner, and she heard with the greatest pleasure, that we had not only enough, but something remaining. She

desired me sometimes to give them her own little portion.

I know not if I have given each detail its proper place, I have done my best. Pray, my Father, for your poor child. This week is one of profound grief.

With the deepest respect.

Eugenie *

Different words and short conversations with dearest Mother during her illness.

(Given in writing to Mr. Brute by Sister Cecilia.)

During the first few days of it I asked her would she not like to have a crucifix or picture before her eyes that might divert her in the moments that she lay reflecting alone.

"No, dear," said she, "I have a Crucifix I keep on my breast; besides my eyes are generally closed."

* Mother Xavier.

The next day, when I went in to see her, she turned towards me saying:

"Ceci dear, you are uneasy that I don't have something to remind me of our DEAREST; don't be afraid, dear one, I do try to keep as close as I can in His presence."

"No, dearest Mother," said I, "I am far from being troubled. I know your heart, and your desire of uniting yourself to our dear Lord."

Another time at the step in her room she called:

"Come, dear one, and tell me something of all your dear children. How do they come on? Dear little pusses! I hear them laughing and playing. Dear creatures to my heart!"

Another occasion she desired the younger ones should be brought in to see her in shall bands, and seated where she could see them, and some fruit she had divided among them. The sight pleased her very much. The cheerful innocence of the little creatures, she said gave her new life.

One day, speaking to her on different subjects, I asked her what she thought of her situation.

"My child," said she, "I cannot form the least idea of it. All I know is, I am in *His* hands. I am His poor little creature. He will turn all for good."

A short interval of ease, which raised in every heart the happy hope of her recovery, several Sisters went joyfully to congratulate Mother on seeing her with her habit once more, after coming, as it were from the gates of death. Seeing my joy on the occasion she looked at me with an eye full of meaning, and said:

"I sometimes think I might say to our Lord: "*Tell me the number of my days.*"

Two or three Sisters were relating a pleasing visit Sister Xavier had made among several poor around the mountains. The subject delighted her so much that finding one had something more to tell, she eagerly said:

"O, do tell me! It delights me so much to hear such things."

Yes, beloved soul, truly dear were the poor and unfortunate to your heart!

About two weeks before her death, one evening after poor Richard had gone, and her poor heart had keenly felt the pain of a last separation, we passed in conversation from one subject to another relative to death, departed friends, present suffering compared to the suffering of Purgatory, of souls dying in misery without Sacraments etc., Mother burst in tears, and in a kind of agony compared the trifling pains and sufferings she passed, as unworthy of being spoken of.

"I am ashamed to complain when I remember those dear ones who have gone. What agonies they must have suffered;—their poor bleeding bones! That sweet, lovely Rebecca* that I told you of, who though not a Catholic, suffered such bitter pains with such happy dispositions."

During this conversation the tears ran in streams down her cheeks. I pressed her hand to my lips saying: "O my

* Mother's sister-in-law Rebecca Seton.

soul's mother! Our Lord, who knows your desires, perhaps will realize your wish of suffering a long time on this bed of sickness. O may He grant you your Purgatory in this life that in death you may fly to His bosom of peace, and rest!"

Raising her eyes to Heaven, she said:

"My blessed GOD, how far from that thought am I, of going straight to Heaven,—such a miserable creature as I am!"

Another time I asked her how she felt.

"I do not suffer, dear one," said she, "I am weak it is true, but how happy, and quiet my day passes. If this be the way of death, nothing can be more peaceful and happy, and if I am to recover, still how sweet to rest in the arms of our Lord...I never felt more sensibly the presence of our DEAREST than since I have been sick. It seems as if our Lord stood continually by me in a corporeal form, to comfort, cheer and encourage me in the different

weary and tedious hours of pain sometimes, sweet MARY also, gently coaxing me,—but you will laugh at my imaginations."

Such like little cheerful phrases, our dearest Mother would frequently say when we would be a little by her.

The night she died about half past one o'clock I was awakened by a Sister, and desired to come as there was a change. On entering the room we soon saw the long dreaded moment was come. Here were seen the true dispositions of her mind put in practice. No exterior form, no anxiety, fear or agitation. All was peace, resignation, and union with our Adored. No wish for earthly assistance, though she beheld poor Josephine, the child of her heart, sinking in agonies of grief by her side, heard her heart-rending sobs, which she no longer could smother, yet not the least turn of the head, nor least motion of her eye could be discovered. At last the poor darling sunk almost lifeless in the arms of two Sisters who knelt next her. This was a scene

difficult to describe. Sister Xavier pronounced the blessed name of JESUS different times,

Note. Mr. Bruté has marked this paper, apparently incomplete: "Mother Seton's last moments, by Sister Cicely." In the same hand-writing, but unsigned and unmarked, is another paper giving further details of the last moments of Mother."

"I kept my eye steadfast to watch, if possible, the motion of her soul. She still continued deeply intent on the awful change. It was not possible to conceal from either her sight or hearing all that passed. At last poor Josephine sunk lifeless in the arms of the two Sisters who knelt behind her. I continued close to the pillow whispering; My JESUS, my All receive my soul—Into Thy hands I commend my spirit—My GOD, my All, etc.

Calmly and gently she would keep down the rising phlegm which sometimes almost would stop her breathing. O my Mother, my beloved Soul what a night to remember!

As the agony increased she complained

of pains in her ankles: "They seem so tight, dear" said she, "raise them a little." Then again, "So dear," said she, "that will do."

Sister Xavier repeated "JESUS, my JESUS I give—Our JESUS is going to call you, my Mother."

"*O I adore,*" said she, with a look of tender resignation.

Again Sister Susan said in broken words mixed with sobs: "My dearest Mother, I think our Lord is calling you to Himself."

At first she could not understand what Sister said, then turning eagerly to her; "What dear? said she. The Sister repeated in clearer words the same she had said. Mother softly turned again. Then trying her own pulse moved each hand as if to know how near her last moments were. Previous to her agony, about midnight Sister Susan wished to waken Sister Xavier, but Mother said, "No, it will pass perhaps."

The pain continued violent, and her stomach was swelled very much. At last

Sister Xavier was called. As she entered the room, with her usual cheerfulness Mother saluted her: "How do you do, Xavier?"

Then seeing their uneasiness she said to them: "Do not be uneasy. There is nothing to be done, only some little prayers for me."

As Sister Susan said them, Mother continued them with her. The sweet little prayer, "Soul of JESUS," down to the words, "Mouth of JESUS, bless me in life and death, in time and eternity —In the hour of death, defend me. After this she repeated her favorite aspiration, "May the most just, most high—

(*The remainder of this paper gone*)

✠

This note is not literally correct—I know not who sent it to me: yet many things are correct.

January, 1821.

Our dearest Mother's last request before the receiving of Extreme Unction ...Strictest union and charity amongst yourselves, and great fidelity to your *rules*—which was spoken by the Rev. Superior in her name.

Then she raised her dying voice and said: 'Dear ones, pray for *me* when I am gone, for I shall want it†...I thank GOD for having made me a child of His Church. When you come to this hour, you *will know* what it is to be a child of the Church." A good while after she said: "When I have done wrong I sincerely repented for it." She also before requested the Rev. Superior to ask pardon in her name for the bad example she

† She said not so, at least when anointed I was close by her.

might have given in some little indulgences her great weakness required during her sickness...

✠

7th January,
1821.

Some straggling remembrances about Mother Seton.
Before coming to St. Joseph's.

Infancy and youth amidst many of the remarkable characters of the times. Hamilton, Knox, Washington, Bayley, her father, physician of the Quarantine on Staten Island, so respected a character.

Her father doted on her. She loved him so much. Her piano his pleasure etc.

Early devotion. Love of the Holy Scriptures, poring over the Psalms, and the Prophets. Sometimes shut up for these devotional delights, the very shutters of the window close.

Great devotion too to the poor empty Episcopalian Last Supper, exciting her

most lively faith, tasting as if her Lord present, bearing envy to Catholics for believing they have Him really present, going to the sexton to ask for the crumbs, and as it were, make anew that kind of communion with that mock consecrated bread.

The family of Seton also much respected. Mr. Seton quoted in the letters of the American Cultivator. Acquainted at his house with Mr. Otto, Talleyrand, Perigord, etc.

Her husband Cashier, I believe, of the bank. For his health obliged to go to Italy.—

She went with him, and Anna, and Josephine in 1804 I believe, or 1803. *

See the manuscript, and also the little book printed in New York by some of her Protestant friends, containing part of her journal, principally many beautiful effusions of piety.—

Their arrival and station at the lazaretto of Leghorn.—

The landing,—at Mr. Filicchi's.—

The death of her husband.—

* It was in 1803.

Her first impressions at Mass.—

Her impressions on hearing a priest passing through the street bearing the Blessed Sacrament to the sick.—

Mr. Filicchi's instructions,—papers,—letters,—see them.—

Her return to America with the Messrs Antonio, and Philippo † Filicchi,—her long struggle, and returning doubts.—

The efforts of her family, and Bishop Hobart.—

She would be any thing, even a Quaker rather than a Catholic.—

Her conversion and first Communion. O, Faith!—

Her state of distress with her children.—

Her impressions of Mr. O' Brien, and his poor Irishmen in the church of New York.—

Her coming to Baltimore, and living near the College.—

Her thoughts of going to Canada.—

† Only Mr. Antonio returned with Mother to the United States.

Mr. Dubourg's first views of a Sisterhood.—

Her acquaintance with Mr. Cooper.—

And with Bishop Carroll.—

My Mother, you are gone!—All my listening to the few hints which you thus gave me, and on which we never dwelt regularly enough, are nearly gone too!—

I have, as yourself, attached little importance to what now I wish to gather with interest, but cannot.

Let it be all for Eternity,—even as you treated so indifferently those things, and rather seemed always afraid there would be too much of self in them. I esteemed the more your excellent soul.—GOD all in all for you!—Eternity all! O, may your only portion be that of the most tender mercies of Him whom you tried more and more perfectly to love, and to have alone in view!—

✠

7th January.
1821.

Some straggling memorandums of Mother Seton's Life at Saint Joseph's, and my connections with her.

Mother, and her sister Cecilia at the log-house of Mr. Duhamel.

At the church.—

At the grotto.—

Mother and the first Sisters at the stone house.—

I have seen many letters, and some rules of the time which she destroyed. My opinion was to keep them for notes and memorandums of St. Joseph.—

Then sometimes assisting at the Mountain and sometimes the Emmittsburg choir.—

Beginning of the present house in the field.—

Buying of the plantation from Mr. Fleming.—Mr. Cooper purchased it,—

keeping the property with Mr. Dubourg and Mr. Dubois.—

First School,—first list of boarders.

Anina's decury,—teaching.—

Anina's sickness.—

Anina's death,—see my papers of it.—

I first saw Mother in 1811.—She read with me the Following of Christ to form my English pronunciation,—marked out especially the Chapter Twenty-first, Third Book.—

Came in 1812 to live at the Mountain,—sent to say Mass,—sometimes essays of preaching,—began to write Meditations.—

1813—1814—1815, April, went to France with William,—became acquainted with her family in New York.

Returned in November.—

In December Presidentship of St. Mary's College, Baltimore,—excellent advice I received from Mother to do good there.—

In February, 1818 returned in consequence of Mr. Duhamel's death.—

Appointed confessor at the Sister-

hood, and so her confessor to her death, 1818, 1819, 1820,—and on the 3d of January morning last confessed her.—

O! account of my eternity when a soul of such faith, and such pure desire to be assisted to serve GOD to her best, has now given hers!—and all my omissions and deficiencies in such a heavenly and eternal charge for her and GOD's interest of love, are standing against me!—O, my GOD! how do we always perceive that we ought to have done better, and time is no more! Forgive, O, Lord! every fault of mine in a soul that wished so fervently to be led to the perfection of her service to Thee here below, and in eternity—Eternity immense, endless, incomprehensible Eternity! Who reflects enough that all, and every least thing which is going on here below is of an eternal amount, eternal effect, eternal increase of the praise and love we owe to our GOD, and that bliss His goodness offers us!—

Mother.

8 January.
1821.

The books which I lent to Mother, and which are returned to me to-day. O, my GOD! what good thoughts she had over many of these pages!—and, I hope, communicated to others, and even translated that she might possess them.—O, my GOD! what trembling of the heart for me,—what profound sorrow to have so poorly assisted such a soul!—

The Books.

1. Les réflexions de Mad. La Valliere sur la miséricorde de Dieu.
2. Les opuscules divers d' A'Kempis. I will return these two to Josephine.
3. La Vie de St. Ignace, and nine pages of translation.
4. Les Oeuvres de Ste. Thérèse.
5. Les Méditations de St. Jure, le Livre des Elus, etc. en 5 Vol.
6. Les Epîtres de St. François de Sales.
7. Ses Entretiens.

8. M. Boudon Adoration de la Providence.
9. Vie cachée en Dieu.
10. La Mort du Juste, du P. Lallemant.
11. La douce Mort.
12. Les Saints Désirs de la Mort.
13. Les Essais de Morale.
14. Lettres Spirituelles, sur la Vie Religieuse.
15. Lettres Spirituelles, du P. Surin.
16. Consolation dans les Souffrances, don de M. Nagot.
17. L'Octave du St. Sacrement,—traduite.
18. Les Vies des Fondateurs des Retraites en Bretagne.
19. Vie de Mme. Combé, Fondatrice du Bon Pasteur.
20. Mémoirs de—Retrouvillier.
21. Relation des Déportés à Rochefort
22. Emblemata Eucharistica.
23. Lequel est le meilleur, du gouvernement doux, etc.
24. Les Paroles des Saints.
25. Doctrine Spirituelle du Pére Surin et de Berthier.

26. Catéchisme des Filles de la Charité, et Maximes de St. Vincent.
27. Directeur des Novices du Carmel.
28. JESUS Mourant—de Duguet
29. L' Oratoire du Cœur.
30. L' Education des Filles par les Ursulines.
31. Lettre Circulaire de la Visitation, lors de leur Fondation en Pologne.

O my GOD! all hidden in Thee lie her merits, my faults, and my negligences in developing those practical virtues which intentions so pure, and so elevated sought continually to realize. O, Mother! pray for me, as I shall all my life for you.

The Bible which Mr. Filicchi had sent to her at the time of her conversion in New York, in 1805, was in my possession; I returned it yesterday the 7th to Josephine, upon receiving the one which I had lent in its place in 1813.

(Letter to Josephine.)

Eternity.

✠

Evening of the 8th.

One day more, my dear Josephine, and so near that 4th! Can I pass the whole day without trying my poor little union to your sorrow?—If a priest, and all for spirituals, yet is not this the most sacred care I could assume, if GOD gave me grace for it, or, if I know better how to transmit indeed to your heart the tender grace of that great Father of Orphans,—only Father!—only Friend!

Ah, my Josephine! though I write to you with tears,—and not the first of the day,—happily, the first at the altar, and so many since, reviewing books so well used by Mother:—though, I say, dear child, no heart but feels your exceeding pain now, yet *God*,—your GOD alone, will remain within your heart the true Father, and faithful Friend. My own dear mother of France, whom dear child,

I will see now no more than yours, who was mine too for kindness, my good old but ever so tender mother warned me to draw near to GOD, that He alone remains the unabated faithful Friend, when all the hurry of life, and business soon carries every one his usual ways, and, alas, may be now after three days you see it. Life's cares permit not the best of hearts, and most willing to condole and comfort, to keep indeed much company, or offer much of soothing care to the wounded soul. GOD alone, my dear child,—O, truly, GOD alone!—at your prayer,—in some reading,—in some lonely musing keeps within His tender and faithful company with you; speaks within of His divine rights, but so much of love and grace for the sufferer, speaks of your sacred trust in Him above all;—of His providence to the least of His creatures, how much more to His own divine image in ourselves—O, my Josephine! Let us turn to that side. Do, and settle gently what prudence shows best, but feel the whole confidence and solace of

it on the only side of GOD—If you love Him and submit to Him,—two words that are continually coming to you from that sacred grave,—or rather, from beyond,—*love, submit*,—yes, to that most high most amiable Will, says your own mother, which in death was her *all*,—my child! if you do, morning and night, and through the day blessings will be abundantly fulfilled to you, even amidst such excess of grief as could be yours was not faith supporting you.

Receive with kindness the poor mortal father as he comes around your heart. You see well it is not by assuming words, and by trusting to himself that he tries to discharge a duty of such moment—No, dear Josephine,—how silent would I remain. It is only writing over and over,—or, as if from the heart of your own Mother speaking over and over to you the only name of hope and comfort,—*God*,—your good GOD,—all in all!—

✠

My dear Josephine,

Can I show too often my desires of your salvation? Ah!—when now Mother is silent—

Take sometimes your psalms, her psalms! in her Bible, and one verse or other you will find her whole soul still warm to her GOD in yours—But what do I say? She is in the better place of love I only mean to remind her Josephine what must have been the impressions, even while upon earth, and teach you humbly to seek for the same.

I was just saying in my office that 24th "To Thee, O Lord, I have lifted up my soul."

"In Thee, O my GOD, I put my trust; let me not be ashamed. Neither let my enemies laugh at me; for none of them that wait on Thee shall be confounded."

"Show, O Lord, Thy ways to me, and teach me Thy paths."

"Direct me in Thy truth and teach

me; for Thou art my GOD, my Saviour, and on Thee have I waited all the day long"...(How she did)...

"Remember, O Lord, Thy bowels of compassion, and Thy mercies that are from the beginning of the world."

"The sins of my youth, and ignorances do not remember." (How humbly did she say.)

According to Thy mercy, remember Thou me, for Thy goodness sake, O Lord."

"The Lord is sweet and righteous; therefore He will give a law to sinners in the way,"—the way!!!

"He will guide the mild in judgment; He will teach the meek His ways." (Therefore be ever meek and humble.)

"All the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth, to them that seek after His covenant and His testimonies." Let us then *seek*, dear child. Be happy; be good; be William and Richard good. Help them for it, by the most sweet and steady example. Pray for Mother. Pray also for me, who will ever pray for you.

S. Bruté

✠

REV. MR. BRUTE'S LETTER TO MR. FILICCHI. *

On the 5th of May, 1821, Mr Bruté sent to Mr. Antonio Filicchi an account of the holy death of Mother Seton, and recommended her to his prayers in compliance with the request she had made him.

"She was," wrote he to Mr. Filicchi, "filled with affection and gratitude towards you, and she enjoined it upon me to express it to you, and to ask your prayers. I consider it an obligation to fulfil this duty, and though you have, without doubt, learned the fact of her death in advance of this tardy letter, I will add simply some circumstances by which your piety, and friendship will be edified, you, whom Providence has rendered the chief instrument of her happiness, and through her, of the happi-

* This letter is taken from the Life of Mother Seton by Mad. De Barberey.

ness of so many souls in the present time and in the future."

Then follow details of Mother's sickness in the Fall of 1820, the administration of the last sacraments, and the hopes of recovery. He continues:

"These few bitter days were quickly followed by a relapse, December left us no hope. She felt convinced of her approaching death, and continued her preparation for it with much simplicity, and peace. Her confidence was wholly in our Lord, and her piety expressed itself by humility, contrition, and the most tender abandonment to Him. His adorable Name quickly penetrated her heart, filled her eyes with tears, or caused her to elevate them to Heaven, or simply to close them with an expression which is indescribable. But, the most striking trait of this long preparation for departure, was the ardor of her desire for Communion. Communion was her all, and it was particularly so during her sickness.

. . . . . .

O what things I regret to pass over in silence! What a profoundly religious, and loving soul! What simplicity, what recollection in her expectation of her divine Master, and in her abandon to Him!—abandon more perfect in proportion as her weakness augmented and her end approached!"

Then follow the details of her last illness, and death, and he concludes:

—"She expired about two o'clock—I arrived a quarter of an hour after.

What an air this dear dead preserved, what sentiments did not the sight produce in the soul of him who for ten years had known this continual aspiration towards GOD, who was the life of this spirit so truly united to Him, and whom we had seen sending before her with so much faith, joy, and love, her two daughters, and her two sisters, near whom we laid her the day after.

They repose in the little wood with fifteen, Sisters and novices who had hastened to unite themselves with her,

She leaves fifty to survive her, to weep for her, and to follow her; forty at Saint Joseph's, others here and at the Mountain, in Philadelphia, and in New York. She lived only for her Sisters, and for her holy duties, translating continually our best French works, or copying all that could be useful to them. O profound faith! O such tender piety! O true humility with so much intelligence! O goodness beyond all goodness!...Her elevated character, indulgence, compassion for poor sinners; charity so watchful never to speak ill of others, to always find excuses, or else to maintain silence. O attachment and gratitude for her friends, respect so religious for the ministers of our Lord, and for the smallest matters of religion! O heart so compassionate, so religious, so prodigal of all possession, so disinterested in all things! O Mother, excellent Mother be thou then blessed! Pray for her, Mr. Filicchi; she loved and respected you, and your family to the last.

S. Bruté.

✠

May 19, 1821.

O, my Mother! be blessed in Heaven, I hope already! Many times pressed to write of you this morning, at least this line of my conviction, how sincere, holy, elevated, humble, kind, merciful, eager to do good, attached to faith, loving your JESUS, ardent for His divine presence in the Eucharist you were!—What a mind, a heart, a soul I have known and enjoyed, and lost. O! my whole life to remember you, and to cherish the remembrance!—How much of grace I have received by you!

You said you did by me, but, alas! how do I regret the many pains, many acts of indiscreet zeal, reproof, request, trouble, I have been guilty towards you!—One good, perhaps was from it, our good, good GOD was to keep you the better attached to Him alone, and, indeed, to Him alone I wanted to give you, with the same horror of self you

yourself had. Pray for me, whilst I do upon earth for you!

May your children be happy, and never forget what a mother GOD gave them! May Josephine, William, Richard be happy, be virtuous, be true Catholics, and remain, Ah! remain faithful amidst so many dangers they will encounter.—Mother! how pleased I feel to have written some lines,—Alas! foolish, if not to feed my heart and renew impressions which drew me so forcibly to my GOD. My GOD! my GOD! Thou alone! O Mother! *Eternity* we said and you are in now!

19. May 1821. ✠

Mother.

That her path of life since her conversion was retired and secluded did not impair the usefulness of her excellent gifts, but, on the contrary fulfilled the continual blessing of her GOD, the best purposes of His providence. Having

so generously, and so wholly given herself to Him, He made her the cornerstone of a work which she left in a way to become a lasting, and extensive blessing to the Church of our Lord in this country. Around her assembled other hearts, zealous as her own, called her their Mother, and with her they lived the life which shows to the world that light of holiness which JESUS CHRIST tells us we should offer to our brethren. Little known is the excellence of that whole offering, but to the angels it is. Heaven has received that sweet perfume of twelve years of unwearied application to perfect every thing in herself, to make it acceptable to GOD, to mend every least fault, and lament them all more earnestly in sight of the infinite majesty and holiness of GOD, than common souls do the grievous breaches of His commandments. Heaven O, Heaven has received it! Yet, could it escape the observation, and delight of those who associated with her in that life, or even directed it!—

Holy to herself—
A true pattern to her Sisters—
Their Mother for love—
Their servant for humility—
Their true Superior for prudent guidance—
Their friend in every pain.

Young Girls.
A Mother also they called her—
Their Mother truly, she was—
Their model—
She who had lived in the most refined society.
She who had been such a wife—
Such a mother,—and was yet under their eyes—

O what confidence a short meeting, a moment of her conversation inspired to parents!

How well do I remember good Mr. Gaston's feelings, and the judgment he expressed!

Also, the Archbishop,—the two Archbishops, for I have heard Archbishop Carroll speak of her with such a smile

of complacency, and Abp. Marechal say how bewildering her conversation, one line of her writing: "She has a *unique* manner in describing or expressing what she would wish to say."

The Clergy.

How just, wise, enlightened, pious, religious in all relations.

As a sheep in the flock, what reverence, tenderness and interest she felt for her Superior—

For their holy life,—for seeing them true priests–Ah! that priests felt for themselves as she felt they should be. How did she suffer even at their imperfections!

At their faults how sorrowfully, yet how charitably! Mother, Mother, I write this four months since you departed from me! My tears flow, my thoughts hurry, expressions fail for love and gratitude when I remember how fervently you wished, wished only, and with supreme ardor that I were a true priest;—how

indignant—though I say so tenderly, for it is inexpressible,–you felt at every fault of mine you perceived! That you be exceedingly happy is, at least, my prayer, that prayer,– since in faith I may, I must pour it, is still my consolation.

I have lost the best of my friends. I feel it, I say it, write it, and more, make it my inexpressible, and inconsolable secret.—No soul has so forcibly excited mine to see what it is to be the priest of my GOD, Pray, my Mother, yes, pray for me, — pray for me whether in Heaven, or still in Purgatory, for a soul who felt so sacredly, and with such light the holiness of her GOD, had no doubt of Purgatory, had no presumption that it was not for her, feared still itself, yet hoped with infinite peace, and trusted most perfectly her JESUS.—

19 May, 1821. "Relinque pupillos tuos: tuæ ego faciem eos vivere et viduæ in me sperabunt." *

* Leave thy fatherless children, and I will make them live; and thy widows shall hope in me.

How beautifully this expresses the magnanimous faith of Mother on her death bed!—My Lord! I have seen it, felt it, to express it I cannot, I despair, yet it is to me an immense pain, for so great would be the edification if it could be communicated such as I FELT it.

✠

May, 1821.

Mother's Communions

My Mother, O, my Mother! What remembrance this evening of your fervent Communions! Why did I check your sobs, tears, almost cries, your whole countenance so inflamed—Ah, why?—I almost reproach myself this evening! Why not transports when *such* is our faith,—our JESUS present, and received!

How truly Mother believed, how she felt the whole fire: "O vera ardens fides

eorum argumentum sacræ presentiæ tuæ," says A'Kempis–*–O, Faith! and I the priest every day at that altar,—where is mine! My Lord! do give me the faith of that woman to whom 'twould seem in entering her heart you said well pleased: "O Mulier! magna est fides tuæ!" My God! I again shed tears near Charles Lee's looking from the hill across the meadows one mile towards that little wood to day, 19th May, 1821,—I shed tears, and here they flow this evening, ten o'clock. And, alas! I would be as if ashamed were they known, when so sacred, and so pure the fountain, O, my Lord! Because, as Mother sought for priests such as she thought they should be, I,—I sought, and I have seen, and see no more the heart of a faithful such as all should be who believe Thy real Presence!—

How Theresa pleased her, though

* "Oh, truly the ardent faith of these persons is a demonstrative existing argument of Thy sacred Presence!"

secretly pleased her on that point the love of her Communions.

✠

Mother's admirable dispositions immediately after the death of her husband.

Left with four orphans in a strange land, her salvation and their salvation, her desire to know the true ways of her Lord, and fully to obey them was her only thought.

She had seen her husband suffering with much of that piety, dying with much of that peace which it is common to see among religious protestants, but her soul touched with a still higher sense of GOD perceived that it was not the test of the true faith. She searched indeed, and all her grief, and all her cares could not prevent her application to this supereminent duty. She sought first, for herself and children the kingdom of GOD, leaving

temporals to be disposed by His providence.

She did not trust to those pious writings which her protestant friends would have considered as a seal of holiness, and the sufficiency of their faith,—No! and it has been very unfair in them when she herself, the true judge, did not consider them so, but only preserved them as memorandums of the former graces GOD had offered her in sending her these good thoughts,—to attach to them such importance, and use them as they have done. *

✠

Mother's only love of her sons.

When her sons,—when her William was leaving her for launching on the ocean,—"GOD's Ocean!" she would say. "I ask nothing in all this world for my sons!" How sincerely she would say

* In allusion to a Life or Journal of Mother Seton published by her protestant friends.

so—"I ask nothing in all this world for them; my only petition is, give them salvation from sin!"

✠

Instructions given by Mother to William, January 1815, *and all stained with her tears.* *

My darling child, my William.

1st. I recommend to you above everything your precious soul, dearer to me than my own life, a thousand times—O, there is no comparison, my dear, dear William.

2. A kind attention to Mr. Bruté as our true friend, and a devoted respect for his sacred character.

3. And to his family a grateful affection—You *will*, I know, my dear one.

4. You will especially mind all his advices knowing your own inexperience.

*William then preparing to accompany M. Bruté to Europe.

5. You will observe economy in every thing, as we have nothing but what we receive from our friends, till you make your own independence, my William.

6. When you are with the Filicchis take every opportunity to show them you remember their great friendship for your father, and to us all, and never be ashamed of our poverty while you are industrious and exert yourself in the employments they give you. You know, my dear one, it would be very unbecoming to dress, and make a show until you earn for yourself, and do what you can to requite the debt of gratitude we owe them.

7. I beg you so much not to give way to national prejudices, but to allow for many customs, and manners you will see; why, should not others have their peculiarities as well as we have ours? Try to please every one you must be with, and perform every obliging action in your power, — I never remember to have failed in this, but I repented it— And let your father's daily good rule

be well in your mind, first given by our Lord as the great point of charity—to consider how you would wish another to do to you.

8. Be cautious, and prudent, my son, with strangers till you know that they mean good to you,—if not, why should you be their dupe?—and as you will be long among strangers take at once a habit of kind, friendly behavior, but, be firm in never indulging a disposition to jest or laugh at others. It would be a great mark of ignorance and ill-manners in both the countries you are going to.

9. Again I recommend you the strictest economy, and keep a little book of private account, and on no account run into debt.

10. And my William, my soul's darling, the first object of every care and anxiety of my heart, do, do remember your own mother is your best friend. Give her the fullest account even all that happens to you. Tell her of your faults and errors: do, do my William, and be not, my dear one so unhappy as to break wilfully any com-

mand of our GOD, or to omit your prayers on any account. Unite them always to the merits of our JESUS, and the maternal prayers of our Mother and His. With them you will always find your own poor mother,—you cannot even guess the incessant cry of my soul to them for you. Don't say: Mother has the rest to comfort her.—No, no, my William! from the first moment I received you in my arms, and to my breast you have been consecrated to GOD by me, and I have never ceased to beg Him to take you from this world rather than you should offend Him, or dishonor your dear soul; and as you know, my stroke of death would be to know you have quitted that path of virtue which can alone reunite us forever, separation, everything I can bear, but that, never! Your mother's heart must break if that blow falls on it. Think much of your tender, loving Josephine and Rebecca, of Richard's set out, and the future consequences of your example to him.

Again I must recommend you to be

most grateful to our friends the Filicchis. You will find them, as I have told you, most amiable men, but with great ideas of order and exactness, and even severe where they see a want of good-will. But, nothing easier than to obtain their friendship by a little attention. Mrs. Amabilia Filicchi will be surely your friend if you are kind to her children, especially her little Patrichio and Georgio—Mrs. Philip Filicchi also, if you are attentive in the little trifling things which may oblige her.

My darling child! Mother's heart can say no more—These friends have been the most generous and kind to me; be grateful, that is all. Do not blush to be so. It is ingratitude that is base and vile.

Our God,—our Eternity,—the last and only words!—

✠

July 5, 1821.

Mother.

(The original in French.)

I think often of at least casting on paper what I can remember having seen, or heard of this excellent soul either from herself or from others. To commence then little by little writing something simply, without order, as it shall present itself to my mind.

In the first place I will say as the result of my long and intimate acquaintance with her, that I believe her to have been one of those truly chosen souls (âmes d' élite) who, if placed in circumstances similar to those of St. Theresa, or St. Frances de Chantal, would be equally remarkable in the scale of sanctity. For it seems to me impossible that there could be a greater elevation, purity, and love for GOD, for heaven, and for supernatural and eter-

nal things than were to be found in her. But, we must leave to the Almighty His adorable designs, and the proper estimate of the degree of approximation of her heart to His. Though we see in her more faults or apparent weaknesses and less of the extraordinary than are witnessed in the lives of great saints, yet who but the Lord himself can judge to what extent the difference of circumstances should be considered for the determination of her comparative merit.

I have known her from 1811 to 1821. I have seen her, habitually, during my sojourn at Mount St. Mary's from 1812 to 1815, besides the continual correspondence which the Superior of St. Joseph's, believing that good resulted from it, permitted us. This correspondence continued after my return from France, and whilst I was President of the College in Baltimore from 1815 to 1818. From August, 1818 to 1821, January 4, the day of her death, I was confessor at St. Joseph's, and her own.

Unfortunately we never conversed upon the facts and particulars of her anterior life. She herself loved to treat only of spiritual things, and manifested with me above all, as priest,—a character she regarded as so separated from the little things of common life,—a sort of disgust for other topics; a disposition I regret now not to have offered more violence. I rarely took the liberty of asking questions relating to her former life, and generally by the manner in which she answered I could not pursue further what might have appeared to her as simple curiosity.

I have besides omitted to note down different things that I could have noted as being pious and interesting, not dreaming I should lose her so soon. Now I find that I have either forgotten these particulars, or that I cannot distinctly recall them. Other communications which she had written to me on certain occasions among her spiritual notes, I have almost always destroyed. I would possess a considerable number, had I

not destroyed nearly all, as soon as received.

Dear Mother, I would sometimes say after having conversed with her about eternity etc., I will live fifty years yet, and you twenty-five, at least. She would shrug her shoulders at this imagination, always contending that she would die soon. Once I drew a little picture representing two aged persons leaning on their staff near a cluster of graves, one saying to the other: "Do you remember twenty five years ago?" Our Lord has ordered things differently. In fact, neither she nor I wished to have a single desire on that point,—neither the desire to live, nor to live in the same place. On the contrary, she told me that her joy before GOD would be to see me in China, in regard to which I had sometimes expressed to her my feeble thoughts which would have pleased her more, had they been more generous, and more faithful. At other times she rather reproached me for entertaining such foreign thoughts instead of yielding myself

with a good will to the Providence of GOD, in those places, and occupations to which He called me at the time.

Nothing could be more grand or more vast than her views of things.—Nothing could exceed her readiness for sacrifice; and she could not comprehend how one, especially a clergyman, could consider anything as a sacrifice in the service of GOD. Her views, however, were not exaggerated but characterized by a true wisdom, and extremely averse to all vain speculation, or building castles in the air. O, the noble and right mind! Soul ardent and humble at the same time! O, how deeply impressed was she with the only greatness of GOD, and the real nothingness of the pretended greatness of His servants, beholding, adoring and praising in their works the will of GOD alone! "He is all!" "GOD is all!" she would say continually; or with a motion of the shoulders, the eyebrows or lips, without uttering a word, would express the feelings of her soul when she heard any one speak with rapture of

the saints without looking chiefly to GOD, the *Dieu seul* as explained by Mr. Boudon.

At other times she showed herself deeply moved at the generous actions of which she read, or which I related to her from the lives of the saints—In the beginning of our acquaintance, she often spoke to me of Saint Francis Xavier, towards the close of her life more frequently of Saint Francis de Sales.

She did not exalt so much the lives of holy women, not seeing in them the sacerdotal character, which grace she saw by faith, in the lives of holy priests. Nevertheless, she had a great love for St. Theresa, and she asked me in 1820, the year before her death to lend her again that Saint's life in two volumes by Mr. Boucher. I think she translated some passages from it. Saint Theresa's liberty of spirit with her directors, her gayety, her contempt of what people called her sanctity and extraordinary graces, accorded more with Mother's own turn of mind,—more so, even, than the character

of Saint Frances de Chantal, whose humble and faithful devotedness to Saint Frances de Sales probably pleased her less. Besides, the character of virgins was for her, in her sex, as that of priest in us, a sacred object, a sacred motive. She had the greatest attraction for holy virginity, and seemed almost to regret having been a mother,—she, a mother so tender!—She reminded me in disposition of my own mother in France. I found much resemblance between them. She translated in 1819 Saint Ambrose's treatise on Holy Virginity—A task which gave her pleasure.

July 6. Some dates.

Mother.

1816. November 4. Death of Rebecca. December 5. Bishop Cheverus was at the Mountain, saw her I think for the last time—He left on the 11th.

1817. January 17. the Senate approves the bill for the incorporation of the Sisters of Saint Joseph's.

1812. September 28. I was sent to assist Mr. Dubois—I began to say Mass for the Sisters Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.

October, 7. Bishop Carroll gave confirmation at the Sisters. Saw Mother for the last time, returned on the 12, to Baltimore. He was greatly attached to her. He counselled her not to make perpetual vows, nor that of Obedience to her confessor; I have her letter.

1813. April 6. Bishop Flaget returned to Kentucky. Saw her for the last time.

✠

St. Bartholomew 24th. Aug. 1820. Four months since her death, Jan. 4th. 1821.

J. M. J.

Eternity.

Resolutions

which Mother asked of me.

1. To read again those of Madam de Chantal,—her advices to Superioresses.

2. Consider that you are also accountable to GOD as Foundress above all by example,—offering of work,—prayer.

3. Think of it with great tranquility, and sweetest confidence for ever so little you may do, your good Superior, and circumstances, or rather, Providence does all;—it is all on the part of your good Master grace for your soul, and intentions of love.—

4. Preserve then your intentions of service and love, of self-renunciation, and sincere abandon to the grace of the

moment, each day, and all will be peace and benediction for you.

5. The spirit of St. Francis de Sales, and St. Jane Frances de Chantal is that of St. Vincent—The latter besides being your own is so well expressed in his Life and Conferences. Read again also the Life of good Madam Legras.

6. No, you cannot through simple humility, or sentiment of the great disparity between yourself and such holy souls, refuse to think of uniting yourself to them—You should on the contrary do it in all things, sweetly, courageously, perseveringly, and, I repeat it, thinking that GOD gives you this grace, and that He has chosen you to be the Mother, and has kept you in the midst of these seventy Sisters, or novices, and some hundreds of children and young persons, only through love of you, as for love of these souls. *He all love*— we all misery!

7. If I should enter into detail, and sought more particular resolutions, it would be doing what you could better

do yourself. I attach myself only to the point of impressing upon you these principal views so consoling, and so humiliating at the same time recalling, and losing yourself in GOD for your life of each day.

8. If I add any thing, it would be to watch constantly over your exterior,—your words, above all.—This increasing authority tempered by a certain modesty and goodness will inspire confidence and respect without diminishing affection—GOD gives it to you so naturally,—ask it for me, and humble yourself for so many inequalities of moods.

9. Our Lord has blessed so much all renunciation of your own views,—even the repugnance you often feel to form any, preferring to allow yourself to be guided by an experienced superior, what could be more desired than a continuance of this sort of abandon, acquitting yourself nevertheless sincerely, simply, sweetly, but courageously of your duty of giving counsel according to the light of the moment.

10. Prayer,—union,—elevation of the soul,—presence,—offering,—sole confidence in our All,—example as constant as possible,—your communions,—your choice of translations,—behold your contribution, and grace.

11. I add further, form well, and with great affection and patience your new Assistant, whom our Lord seems to offer promise of good. Render yourself her mother of heart, and of grace, as well as to the other souls who are particularly promising, and this far from being detrimental to the common love, is truly your most precious love of all.

12. True Mother of the Sisters, you are the Mother of all, and nevertheless I add again to finish,—Ah! to finish as I can the imposed duty!—I add that all the children, also all the dear orphans should see and feel in a thousand different ways that you are their mother;—and even the absent ones who still write to you. Finally, it is scarcely necessary to say, the Sisters who are absent,—the far-away houses, all should recognize

in you their Mother, and the center of grace. Pray for me,—pray much for poor priests.

(The original of this paper in French.)

✠

Mother.

Souls in Purgatory.

1st. Sept. 1821
O, nearly one year!

Mrs Seton was not pleased to hear the dead so easily sanctified or canonized, saying it was better to pray for them, and it was to be feared we might forget what they were wanting, whilst our praise is nothing to them.

Politics.

She never made inquiries about political news considering such matters of so little concern in thoughts when all is considered in the immensity of God and Eternity.

Her Humility.

The most sincere, unaffected and practical.

So convinced she was nothing but sin before GOD.

So astonished and shocked if praised.

So little inclined to preach to others—Her distress to have, as Superior, to instruct, direct, reprove others.

So impressed that she did poorly, badly, neglectfully, and to the injury of souls.

So well pleased to be left alone.

Habitually impressed with the thought that GOD spares the humble, and despises the proud,—afraid of it for herself,—thinking with great tenderness of the ignorant, coarse blind sinners.

✠

JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH.

Some lines from Mother Seton's letters to a friend who had showed her much attachment, and who had many trials to bear.

Some other little words of hers.

ETERNITY.

Pray for her.

4 January 1822, Anniversary of her death on the 4th Jan. 1821.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Eternity.

JESUS.

The time is short. It remaineth that they that weep be as though they weep not; they that rejoice as though rejoiced not; they that use this world as though they use it not.

She encourages a friend to bear his crosses.

"Is it possible my kind, my good N— who wishes only to make the happiness of others, and fill them with joy, should be himself a victim of sorrow. I entreat you in the name of our Adored to take courage, and look to the crown before you. If we sink so soon in the day of trial, my friend, how will we be able to keep in the bloody footsteps of our Leader. O, look upon Him; see His look of love and sorrow while He looks behind after you, and calls: 'Come, follow me!' Calvary is the *rendez-vous;*

there, my dear N—both you, and I must meet Him. We must be crucified. It is in vain to start or think of escaping. O, that the Adored would give you a spark of the fire He has put in my heart since I bid you the last adieu! But, I will use that fire to beg you may be supported, or carried through this deluge of sorrow which has beset you. O, dear N. do not give way to dejection! Look up, I supplicate you; remember the thousand offerings you have made of yourself. Peace be with you.

13th. May, 1810.

✠

Use of Holy Water.

Happiness of Faith a mystery to worldlings.

"Every day and at night I use the holy water. In the morning to defend from danger; at night to efface the errors of the day. You must allow that

enthusiasts have a region of happiness where the wise ones do not enter, or if they did they would find a sort of Greek they could not understand. L. J. C... Laudatur JESUS CHRISTUS—Beni soit, loué, adoré. 1000000000. (A usual form of hers to say without end,—million times.) In a post-script to the same.

May 13, 1810.

✠

Time and Eternity Compared. Our Crosses.

"N—is then sick and suffering; added to your daily cup that is hard indeed, but we must often draw the comparison between time and eternity,—that is the remedy for all trouble. O, my friend, how insignificant will the present moment appear when we enter that great ocean. How much we will then wish we had doubled our penances and sufferings while that moment lasted. How we will laugh when we look behind, at

the troubles we have endured and which will then appear in their true light. And that bright and glorious Cross which we now drag through the mud and dirt how beautiful and lovely it will appear when we find it opens the door of our eternal happiness to us. O, my dear friend, follow on with courage. You do not suffer alone, you well know, and remember there is but one place of true *rendez-vous* for true souls."

August 28, 1810.

✠

Union with God. Eternity kept constantly in view.

"Try every day to get nearer and nearer the dearest and best of Masters. He will turn all your bitters to delights as He does mine. To rejoice in Him is enough: everything is converted to precious treasure, and our poverty spiritual and temporal, becomes riches.

I recommend you, with all your trials and troubles to our Lord daily. My poor N—count them all for Eternity. Look at Eternity with a steady eye, and lifted heart, and all, all with JESUS."

No date.

✠

"Courage, hope and heaven! He goes before who will crown our hope; but, our suffering must be consummated too. My weakness and fever is now constant, and except our DEAREST pleases to spin out my hours of suffering, they threaten to run out very fast."

Sometime in 1810.

"The sufferings are for a moment, the crown of patience Eternal."

✠

In trouble, utter abandon to God.

"But, blessed a thousand, thousand times be He who governs all and will bring light out of darkness."

✠

In time of difficulties the only Will.

"My heart is heavy about many things, yet rejoicing and always on the note of Alleluia while it sinks within my body. I am always quiet on the subject as I know GOD will bring His own end out of the painful warfare. I look to no one but GOD alone, meanwhile, peace and good will to all. L. J. C. Beni soit, loué, adoré again and again for ever and every thing 100000000"

Sunday (1810 I think.)

✠

1st. of January, 1811 (I think.)

"The clock struck twelve last night, and ended the old year, Anina lying in my arms in a violent ague. I felt happy, contented, embracing my lot with joy; but this is only the force of grace. Generally I am stupefied and have not

the power to wish or care for anything but Heaven and Eternity; every other thought is troublesome. All our clouds will pass away by and by, perhaps this is our last year of trial."

✠

The Will.

"The adored Will be superexalted above all forever."

1811.

(These nearly her last words in saying the prayer of Pope Pius Seventh, being her most habitual disposition and solid devotion in all.)

✠

An affair in deliberation.

..."At this very time the question must be in motion, and the ADORED'S vote will decide."

Eternity.

"Eternity, O, how near it often seems to me—Think of it when you are hard driven!—How long will be that day without a night, or that night without a day. May we praise, and bless, and adore forever!"

✠

June 24, 1811.

"What the body loses, the soul is repaid for ten-fold; and while the body is wanted, it will be supported. Love, joy, peace of the Holy Spirit!" (Her conclusion after an account of bad health.)

✠

The death of Anina drawing near.

"Every thing has been well received and welcome to my sick darling. She is almost an angel, and poor mother happy indeed to see her so well prepared for her eternal happiness. Best love to

you with a thousand prayers for your true happiness this year, which I hope will be well treasured for our dear Eternity." January 11, 1812.—That good Anna died the twelfth of March—Mother then much tried, as if, she said, she had taken too much complacency and joy in the holy dispositions of that blessed child.

Eternity at every line in her letters and the WILL.

"Adorable will of our ADORED be accomplished forever! Our present life can be but for a moment, and then, O, our dear, dear Eternity!"

March 20, 1812.

✠

After some mistake about a small sum of money. Fervent encouragment to support poverty and the Cross.

"I never thought of sending you so small a gift, as I knew it would be but as one penny to you; but His will for-

ever, in the smallest, as well as in the greatest thing—I know you say Amen. All I can say is, that if I had what is called riches, you would not be poor; but, as it is, I rejoice that we have rather one of His best tokens that we are His by our poverty, and tribulations. If you had not your dear wife, how I would bless Him for making you beg from door to door! How I would like to go with you saying: *"Salve!"* like the good Saint Thomas. My friend look up to our dear Eternity, and do not lose a moment of this time of grace and benediction for laying up your heavenly treasure. Every moment of your patience and submission in this hard trial will be a triumph for you hereafter, and O, joyful thought! is *now* to our JESUS—*our* JESUS."

March 26, 1813.

✠

The grace of the Cross to draw the soul to God.

"This may be His way to *compel your friend to enter.*

He has treated me so, and for that I bless Him most of all. Where would I be now, if He had not scourged, and bound me? And in His infinite goodness He may do the same for your poor N—what matters by whose hands! If I get to His kingdom, what matter how. Faith, faith, my dear N—The Captain marches on. O yes! we follow dearest, we follow. Dear friend, do not say, I do not sympathize with your poor suffering heart. *I do, I do,* and would joyfully now take all its sorrows if you might have the blessing of them."

March, 1813.

"*Poor old woman* (herself) has a boil under her right arm which yet permits her to do all her usual work and, you may be sure, is well convinced that suffering is the best of prayers."

✠

Love of the Cross. Spirit of faith.

"Tell me all that is in your poor heart about your trials, and difficulties. Our Lord knows, my good friend, I would gladly give my life to do you any real good, but you know well what I think of the troubles of this life. I wish them even to be the portion, and inheritance of my children, so, how can I desire my poor friend to be without them, but I earnestly beg our Lord to give you strength and grace for every trial...

The children are very well, and our place is very healthy. Sister Mary Ann is the only one who seems to have the happy promise of the woods * for this winter. But, we do not know who, as

* The little grave-yard.

we found by blessed Clauzel, and Mr. Romeuf, who looked a great deal stronger than those they left behind." (Sister Mary Ann died in 1821, eight days after Mother.) "Let all our care be how it may set us free from all our troubles, rather than the beginning of a miserable Eternity."

August 20, 1813.

✠

The look of Faith at the Crucifix.

"As often as I look at the Crucifix I think of you, as if I could see your name was written there on our crucified Lord as indeed it is, my poor N—with my poor, bad name and those of the thousands who forget Him even more than we do, so we must remember them before Him these beautiful days to come." (Easter, and holy week.)

March 19, 1814.

✠

The morning of Eternity after the night of this life.

"Your troubles, I find, like my own are multiplied, and so will our comforts be when this dark night of life is over. Won't we sing Alleluias in the morning...I do not grow very fat, nor strong in the body, yet the soul is so well at liberty that every thing except Eternity seems a dream, a teazing, tiresome dream; sometimes,—at others it thirsts for pains and knows no pleasure but in suffering. Be good, my dear N." No date.

✠

The grace of our own cross. God's own measure of it.

"I hope your cross may increase until it purifies you like pure gold, and woe to you, if you, knowing as well as you do how rich a treasure you have, do not let it work its effect on you, as you are

not sure you would have grace to take it yourself, or that you could even be safe without the very one, which I grant is hard enough to bear, but might yet be harder if compared with all that is due to our adored Master."

Tell N...that we have adopted his motto: Well enough to work, and bad enough to suffer." No date.

✠

O, my Lord, how long after these dates, from 1809 to 1813, was still that blessed soul left in this world to be further purified through all her trials, and holy duties,—more and more prepared for that great Eternity her continual desire and aspiration. Seven years more. Be her rest secured in Thee, her crown most abundant, her heavenly joy full, O Lord! and yet, let those who loved her incessantly pray for her. She knew how pure is to be the soul before she be wholly admitted to that "face to face" of the blissful Eter-

nity! O, Eternity! That we may understand the immense word! — daily increase in love, avoid every least wilful venial sin, take no complacency in ourselves, not fall under that reproach of the Apostle even to the fervent souls of his primitive Christians: "All seek the things that are their own, not the things that are JESUS CHRIST'S" Alas! so my GOD it is, except Thy grace continually enlighten, support, humble and renew our souls!

✠

Some of her little lines.

Fervent love and desire to be united "face to face" with her Lord: meanwhile so happy here below so near

His holy tabernacle.

"Alas! the partitions of this world, yet I sit or stand opposite His tabernacle all day, and keep my heart to it, as the needle to the pole. And at night

even still more,—to folly, since I have little right to be so *near* to Him. Even the hard speeches I make our Sisters, and the young ones do not cloud His dear countenance, so indulgent He is."

O, Mother! all your heart, your daily life breathes in these few lines of yours I copy. Faith, love, clinging to Him, your all, and your goodness and fears of giving pain, your self reproach, yet trust to Him!

✠

One day of Mother.

A few lines to me on Annunciation Day, 1817.

"One day of my poor life without a cloud. The most singular peace from the Vespers of MARY,—when preparing a meditation for our Vows, the very soul melted before Him!—Then this morning awaking at half past four at the Ave sung to awaken the dormitories.

Our *meditation*,—Office of the Blessed Virgin for *preparation*, Mass, Vows, so peaceable, then all day so, so sweetly, so gently among all the little duties of *hearing*, reading, speaking, singing Vespers and hymns,—and my dear old Holy Court * making many extracts.—Anniversary of my dear first Communion."

✠

"The Judge will show mercy in proportion to what *we* show."

✠

"Not the least, even momentary event but by His dear permission or appointment." Her faith in Providence.

✠

"The treasury so empty,—the occasions to heap it so continual,—the eternal regret if neglected!"

✠

"To see all things in the little world

* The big book of Father Causin.

of St. Joseph's as they are,—so good in intention, and faithful accomplishment by the best souls." Her charitable view of all.

✠

"The many mistakes all swallowed and comforted by *intention, intention, intention.* Our true peace and security with our Beloved."

✠

"Patience is the virtue of the perfect."

✠

"Love, joy, peace, patience, Eternity."

✠

"How much He must pity me knowing as He does the sole and whole bent of my soul is to please Him only and get close to Him in this life and the next.

✠

"If you could see my sweet boys fetching water for me and making fire while, darling Ann fixes and sweeps and little Kit runs to the grocer for our

loaf and I run out with the old sick womans affairs, etc. you would not say so."

✠

"I seek but GOD and His Church and expect to find my peace in them, not in the people."

"Come then, my little ones, we will go to judgment together and present our Lord His own words, and if He says, you fools, I did not mean that, we will say, have you not said you would be always even to the end of ages," etc.

✠

"And the droll, but most venerable Irish priest, who seems just come there, talked of death so familiarly that he delighted and *revived me*"—

✠

Oh, that March 14, 1805!

"And I came up light at heart and cool of head the first time those many long months, but not without begging

our Lord to wrap my heart deep in that opened side so well described in the beautiful crucifixion, or lock it up in His little tabernacle where I shall now rest for ever."

✠

"It is done—I felt as if my chains, fell, as those of St. Peter, at the touch of the Divine Messenger.

O Eternity!—March 25.

✠

"At last, Amabilia—at last, GOD is mine and I am His.—now let all go its round—I have received Him, the, etc. —Hope in His goodness."

SOME LINES
OF
MOTHER SETON.

From Letters to Mr. G. Weiss.

A friend of hers. A poor carpenter and gilder at whose house in Baltimore she had been awhile with her sister Cecilia who died there. He told me many things very edifying of that death, and the night which followed;—Mother Seton watching and praying by the corpse with so much consolation.

March 26, 1813.

In a letter to Mr. Weiss much in trouble she thus makes allusion to his care of her departed sister.

"Perhaps our little mischievous Cecil has procured you all these blessings for having so tenderly received, and waited on her in her last days of exile. Indeed she is capable of all that spiritual malice could do, for you may depend she would not be ungrateful."

In another 1813.

"Keep up your courage, and look to Eternity. This unhappy life cannot be much longer for you or for me now. But, I know you suffer more for your dear wife than for yourself, which is the double trouble. Poor Friend! and you will have the double blessing too if you only persevere. Rebecca is pretty well, but weak, and always suffering, Josephine is very well, and the poor boys, soon now they must turn out for themselves, which gives me many a sorrowful thought Pray for your ever true friend

E. A. Seton.

"Indeed, my dear George, I would have felt a thousand reproaches if I had known that you were in so much trouble, and my letter could have given you comfort. But, to tell you the truth, for three months after Nina was taken I was so often expecting to lose my senses, and my head was so disordered that unless for the daily duties always before me, I did not know much what I did, or what I left undone; but never did I forget, nor ever can forget, all your kindness to us. Our cross will soon be taken off. Look only forward to our long, long Eternity. Anina cries to us all from her grave, how quickly every thing passes away. My poor, poor George, take courage. Sow in tears to reap in joy. Look to the Master Carpenter you follow—I would be very sorry He would divide our lot from His, and treat us better than He did himself."

July 30, 1812.

✠

"Be assured you are always in my poor prayers, and I trust our Adored will turn all right at last. We know He will if we are faithful.

Happy would I be to take the sorrow and trouble of you all if you might have the merit. Keep up courage! the night is far spent. Blessed forever be the Adored."

✠

St. Joseph's, 26, August 1809.

My dear Weiss, I know it will please you, and your dear wife to hear from your friend, though I have nothing new to tell you except that we are more accustomed to our mountain home than when you last heard from us and that our Cecelia is quite strong, and your favorite Harriet Magdalen is waiting only for our dear Father to become a true and fervent child of our Holy Church. She has news from her betroth-

ed that she cannot expect him for two years more and she is determined to stay with us, which you may be sure is a great comfort. Tell your dear wife that her little Azov races after every priest he sees, and is faithless both to his master and mistress, but he is so handsome and lively, we cannot help loving him, as well as for the sake of her who gave him: but not as we love the pigeons, for every body takes care of them. There is no such thing as a tame pigeon to be seen here. Kittie and Becky are very well. They often amuse themselves telling me what they did while I was away, and how often they dined with you, and how good dear Mrs. Weiss was to them. Do tell my friend C. D. P. that I will write to him by the return of our dear Father who we are looking for every day. Harriet would not consent to go to the feet of any one else. (A weak uninformed faith still!)

27.—I can never forget the kindness you have shown us, but my mind and body have both suffered what GOD alone

can tell since I left you. But, He knows how truly I am attached to you, and how fervently I beg His blessings may be with you forever. If in this world He gives them to you as to me in crosses and contradictions, let us live by faith, since we know it is much better to suffer for a time, that we may afterwards partake of His glory. My dear Anina, Cecelia and Harriet desire to be affectionately remembered to you both. Becky says: "Tell Mrs. Weiss I send my best, best love to her, and Mr. Weiss too, don't forget him Mother." And Kitty says she sends her best love. That is all we poor creatures have to give."

✠

"I am sure if my eternity is a happy one, even there I shall beg our Adored to increase your portion of blessedness, and give you what I can only wish for you. The weak and suffering state of my poor body, and the trouble of external things made me silent to you, why have

you been so silent to me? Your heart is never changed I can answer, and perhaps your troubles are increased—Well! it is sure and certain our crown will be a bright and glorious one if only patience keeps strong. That is all I know, and it is enough.

For me, here I stand, hands and eyes both lifted to wait the adorable Will. The only word I have to say to every question is: *I am a Mother.* Whatever providence awaits me consistent with that plea, I say Amen to it.

The Adored will be superexalted above all forever. He knows, and He alone can know, all the sacrifice.

If the children were here they would send many loves to you. They are as wild as the young lambs themselves."

Through forty-four letters which have been trusted to me IN NOT ONE *do I find any names of those who, though well intentioned, were often the occasion of her pains. I have always remarked in her that disposition of greatest delicacy not to*

complain of others. She rather accused herself when most tried, and reproached her soul even for involuntary feelings of dislike, and emotions which a temperament of extreme sensibility rendered so easy to be excited.

✠

Expecting to leave St. Joseph's,—had it been so! O, Providence, it was not!

"August 9, 1809—or 1810.

Every thing here is again suspended, and I am casting about to prepare for beginning the world again with my poor Anina, Josephine and Rebecca, as we have reason to expect from many things passed lately that our situation *is more unsettled than ever* — But, we will be under every case under the refuge of the Most High, and glad indeed would I be, if I could inspire your dear soul with as much indifference as is in mine, provided His adorable will be done during the few remaining days of my tiresome jour-

ney, which being made with so many tears, and sown so thick with crosses, will certainly be concluded with joy, and crowned with eternal rest. Look up! The highest *there* were lowest *here*, and coveted most the poverty and humility which accompanied *their*, and *our* Master every step of His suffering life. But, I do not care for you, friend George, but for her in whom you suffer much more than for yourself. If our Lord suffered us to bear our misery alone without affecting the dearest part of ourselves, we would not suffer like Himself whose whole suffering was for us, and the injuries endured by his Eternal Father. Now, my friend, we are in the true and sure way of salvation for that long, long Eternity before us. If only we keep courage we will go to Heaven on horseback instead of idling and creeping along! Our Master is too good to us, that is all I can say, even if we end our lives as He lived, without a place to lay His head. O, my mouth waters when I think if He ever grant me so great a favor! But, let all

be in the order of His providence, neither asking nor refusing .Blessed,—a thousand million times His own beloved and blessed Name forever!

George, George; be a man! but, a supernatural man crucified in Christ. *Eternity*—"

✠

Dec. 6, 1812. "My poor George, always under trial, yet looking up, I trust. The livery of our Master will clothe you to the grave, as well as the poor mother, and how thankful we will be in that hour, though it is now so hard."

Mother.

Her Faith:

In the Church.
To the Blessed Sacrament.
In Prayer for herself and her children.
To the Holy Virgin.
In the sacerdotal character.

Her translations another proof of her faith and zeal.

1. Life of St. Vincent de Paul in 4 to.
2. Life of Mademoiselle Le Gras.
3. The Antiphons of Advent by Avrillon.
4. St. Ambrose's Treatise on Virginity.
5. Interior Peace by Lombez.
6. Various passages from the works of Berthier.
7. Portions of St. Theresa's works.
8. Parts of Dupont's Meditations.
9. Commencement of the Life of St. Ignatius.

10. Letters: the narrative of the return of Pius Seventh, by Father De Rohan.

11. Some Hymns.

12. Passages from Pere Judde.

13. Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.

14. Conferences of St. Francis de Sales.

✠

January 4, 1823.

Read again last evening some of these papers. Conceived a great desire of serving GOD better. Such was Mother's purest and most ardent intention. I believe she aspired to attain the most secret, intimate and faithful union possible. Her love for the adorable Eucharist still impresses me deeply. *Sustinuit tanquam videns.*

Mother was so impressed with the sanctity of GOD, so penetrated with the necessity of keeping her intentions pure. She was not pleased that the holiest deaths should be too much praised, and

yet occasionally yielded to this pleasure of charity in regard to certain souls. GOD must be pleased thereat, for what souls have I known! Should I fear to offend Him by my confidence in their sanctity? But, human sanctity has its weaknesses. I would consider myself failing in sincerity to say I have seen none in Mother. Nevertheless those which sometimes caused her so much pain, above all in matters of charity and pride were often but the wrestlings of nature, combated in such a manner as to render her more agreeable to her divine Master than if she had never experienced them.

✠

Mother Seton

Fourth Anniversary. January 4. 1825.

JESUS.

ETERNITY.

Be it the glory of our Lord
for the former friends of such a soul

to remember the abundance of His grace
in her.
even though her faults, or theirs can but
have still spoiled a great part of it;
or rather be it the more *His only glory*
to humble ourselves even in our
most lively thanksgivings.

So did she humble herself with
deepest sincerity of acknowledgment
and keenest sense of sorrow,
whenever she poured out her soul
in confession of His so special mercies
to her—
yet of her exceeding weakness and
misery in abusing them years
after years; for so she thought
her case was—And, O, sweet Lord,
how does every one of Thy servants
join in the confession
and
listen to the angel, Chapter 3. v 17...
of the beloved John's revelations...
O, so!... So and so, all!

Most special the mercies of her Lord
to her!
For she was born in a family of protestants so respected, and many so devout
in their sect.
She was early so endeared to the heads
and chief deceivers of it,
then allied to another family
no less fervent in the fatal cause
of error,...
no less deeply entangled and far gone
in the maze of protestantism!
Alas! could she of herself return!
could she find the true fold,
poor wandering soul? No, no!
had not Thy most special mercies
O, Lord! been displayed for her?

It is true she sought so earnestly for Thee
loved Thy divine word, cherished prayer,
had uncommon evidences of
Thy works in nature and grace;
Nay, felt early and so vividly that Presence even in the fatal and mock practice
destined to make the poor protestant
forget Thy real Sacrament.

Yet how many mistake these distant
calls of Thy mercy to better things,
for the very confirmation of their
unfortunate errors!

Thy grace, alone, O Lord!
brought her back through incidents
all of them so wonderful.
Her husband's going, and dying in Italy,
a travel so devoutly carried on,
that her protestant friends have thought
it would rather exemplify and exalt
the soundness of her former faith. *
There, in Italy other friends she had,
friends such as these Filicchis, all
piety and zeal, yet the world in
its greatest splendor
and dazzling,
and feelings and complacency in her
that could almost make her happy
without GOD;
O, mixture of graces, and dangers!
O, triumph of Thy only grace
in her!

* Alas! They printed her very journal.

Good Filicchis! They instructed,
indeed, but that return to her country
and family!
that continual and earnest effort of all!
Every means tried in succession,
to prevent the poor soul
to set her foot on the rock,
and leave them!
That struggle! that suspense!
That vision of horror for a mother!
Her darlings to be her holocaust!
To be taken away from their people,
and trusted with their widowed mother
to strangers!

But, too long do I dwell
on difficulties
which Thy tender mercies, O, Lord,
permitted her to feel less by far
than the excess of joy,
when the bright star
of Thy truth, and Thy love
was glittering before her soul,
shedding the flood of light
over the path that led to Thy Church,
and Thy Holy Table!

O, the joys!
O, the whole abandon!
The mother and her lambs
to Thee!

That first confession,—
first absolution,—
for the years to her of errors and sins
though to her friends of
apparent holiness!
That first Communion, the true one
now her JESUS not sought * for only
but FOUND,
and enjoyed!
That parting from her family,
to her as to the great Abraham;
too delightful when at last carried on
she, and her lambs, pressed to the bosom
of Thy true Spouse, O, Lord,
their true Mother, *Thy Church!*

"What shall I return to my Lord?"
this now the fervent cry
of such a soul.

* As she did seek Him as it were, in her mock communion when a protestant.

How mightily accepted and blessed
in that Valley, by Thee, O, GOD!...
What have we seen with our eyes
but Thy late mercies be made
like Thy mercies of old;
and that poor wretched offering,
as she thought it, only so very sincere
and earnest,
become the sufficient occasion
of the whole display of wonders
and graces, so great after a
few years; ere she died
so greatly increased and daily still
to increase after she
is happily gone to Thee...

Happily, happily gone!
happily, most happily in our sight
we most tenderly trust;
for Thy grace adorned so beautifully
in silence, humility, love, and adoration
continued by day and night,
with such patience and amiability to all,
and increased tenderness to Thy children
O, blessed Lord, for the many months
of her slow consumption,

from September to January!

Happily gone,
for she prepared so carefully:
prepared in Thy sight alone,
dreading the least show or complacency,
the least self confidence;
and thought of a service
to Thee,
of which she did remember but the
faults, and great deficiency,
She knew so well how to improve
as her best and only hope
Thy blood in absolution,
Thy very presence and close union
in Thy Eucharist;
Ah! so earnest not to miss any of
her granted Communions.
So happily clinging to Thee
to the last!
O, Mother, happily, happily gone!

Gone to her good children
Anna, Rebecca
to her good Sisters Henrietta, Cecelia;
four souls she sent to our Lord,

the sweet and glorious pledge
of her own.

O, meetings of everlasting joy!
O ye, her Sisters too, children too,
for you called her
Sister and Mother,
Maria, Helena, Martina, Magdalena,
Agnes and Jane, and ten others
gone before her, what a meeting!

The meeting in Heaven!
and yet who knows but we should pray.
We should indeed, O, ye happily gone!
Even though many may have arrived,
who knows but many are left awhile
to lament, and suffer in love
but justice too;
for the heavens are not pure before Him.
What then for our virtues so weak,
and faults so real,—
and so many!
We should pray, we shall,
blessed souls;
Mother and all gone before
and gone since;

Have pity, O, Lord, from Thy altar pity!

How did Mother desire prayers!
Ask they should be granted,
herself to the dead so faithful!
To her how sacred, and practically endeared every point of that divine Faith she had so happily recovered all
in the only true church
of her Lord.
To her, how particularly endeared
the honor and love of the saints!
Thy love, most tender love, O, Mary!
most sacred honor, and fervent service,
how had she taught to Anna, Rebecca.
May my soul, my heart be like yours
to the divine Mother.

May my heart, my soul
know the grace,—improve the grace
of the holy sacraments
of my JESUS
as Mother did!
Will I ever forget that face,
fired with love, melted in tears
at His approach in Communion!

To the last, exhausted, death on that face
as He came, it was still inflamed and
blushed in ardent love,
desire inexpressible
of eternal union
to Him!

May my heart, and my soul
despise this world,
long for the next,—
know the word *Eternity*,—
the word greater still
JESUS...
Know the sublimity and depth,
the length and tenderness
of His love,
as she did!
Long for Heaven,—long for Eternity,
long for JESUS
as Mother did!
For she did nothing more
in life,
and
in death!

May my heart, my soul

love neighbors,—
bear with others weaknesses,—
pity them
as Mother did!
Love the poor as she did!—
the old, the widow, the orphan,
the afflicted;
the sinner,—ah! the sinner
vastly the most unhappy
of beings,
the sinner,
love and pity as
Mother did.

May I cherish justice, disinterestedness
poverty itself,
the livery of my Lord
as she did,
be sober and mortified
and to my JESUS' sufferings
devout as she was.
Have her look at His cross,
His wounds, His crown,
His side, His feet,
His agony, His death, His tomb!
So truly, JESUS her all!

May I pray, may I read,
may I feel as she did,
for what soul more eminently
religious have I ever known?
more sensible of the immense
import of these two words duly realized
FAITH *and* LOVE?

O, divine word,—divine law
of my GOD,
psalms, hymns, canticles
to her, as if breathing out
from a Moses', an Isaias',
a David's, a Daniel's,
a Job's, a Jeremiah's heart!—
from the heart of Zacharias,
of Simeon, of John,
of MARY herself!
May I feel the devotion
Mother felt
when opening the sacred page
when listening to the voice
of the Church, nay, as it were
of the heavens above
during the divine service
of this exile; but the exile as yet,

but the traveling below!
O, the faith, and love of Mother!

"Magnificat," "Praise ye the Lord,"
"Vital spark," "JESUS, Lover of my
Soul" "Children of the Heavenly King,"
who would say what a thousand times
hearing these, joining in these,—
and her Anna,—her Rebecca, that
whole choir, she felt, all felt
in that happy Valley,
on that holy Mountain?
Praise and love, true spirit of
Faith and Prayer remain in both places
forever!

Grant it, O, Lord!
Grant we know Thee,
Thy Majesty,
Thy Beauty,
Thy Goodness
as Mother did in life,
and does better now,
That we relish Thy grace,
have horror of sin,
esteem virtue,

try to please Thee,
serve Thee,
and have others do the same
with the heart and soul of Mother!
Grant in life and death
we repeat as she did
that blessed prayer of our last father
May Thy most high
most amiable will be done in all!
Grant we may struggle against
our own,—all rebellious as it is,—
fight our foes, fight ourselves,
trust Thee,
as Mother did!
and still tried to do better!
Love Thee, love one another,
love our duty, our rules,
love Thy Church
as she said we should all...
said, and died, and went to THEE!...

With his intimate knowledge of Mother's dispositions Mr. Bruté represents what might have been her reflections upon her own funeral.

Our Mother's Burial

January 5, 1821.

In the choir.

"What is that stir in this place of my last rest in the house?"

"The Superior has come, Mother, and the clergy. The good people of Emmittsburg are here; and here the Sisters are around you and the children: and Stanislaus lights up the altar on which are your four-cornered candlesticks, and Mass is soon to begin."

"O, well then! Mass, that divine offering of my JESUS for me! My bones are moved, my cold flesh feels the joy. Ah! so long, every day, I knelt alive just there, a little aside assisting at that heavenly Sacrifice. Did I not hear you early this morning at the spiritual Father's Mass? and, was it for me too, and all your communions also? O, thanks!

The long black plank.

"But, what is that long plank painted black that stands along the wall against our dear father, St. Vincent's picture? And it has holes and screws all around, —pray, what is it for?"

"To cover you, Mother."

"Poor me! I will see you no more, nor my Josephine. I will see no more this our holy furniture, that picture of JESUS with the reed, and his blood and bruises for us, his sorrowful, so tender countenance; and below the Blessed Mother with him when yet a child; and our dear Sisters of the other shore at their work, below on both sides like for our model; and if we do now too little for our *hope* and thank GOD even for our good little beginning in His mercy. Thanks, O, thanks to him, Sisters! Father Vincent! good bye! That plank is to cover me, they say. I will rather see you in Heaven I hope.

The Vows.

"And what is it you put between my fingers? Fix it well, for they are stiff,

and I have no hold of any thing. Pray, what is it?"

"The paper of your blessed vows, Mother."

"Well, friends! But they are written on my heart, and every beating did long ago print them deep. It beats no more. Thank you. I wish we all keep our vows so well; our rules, so steady, for sure they will thus keep us for this our last hour, mine indeed now!—mine before you, and after many a good one whom I go to meet."

Mass begun.

"And what says the bell now by this ten o'clock?"

"Mass beginning Mother. There they come, all in their white, and the Superior is vesting in the corner. Kyrie, they sing. Pity, O Lord! Slow, and moving chant the singers."

I know it, and love it; I followed it for many, and now it is for me! O kyrie! Pity me, Lord, pity! But hush! this collect, and my name in it, *Anna Eliza-*

beth, I hear. My Lord, do hear! My tender Saviour pity, pity Anna Elizabeth. Pity also my Josephine, my poor boys pity! O, receive the prayers of Thy church for all in this Thy divine Sacrifice!

The Day of Wrath.—The Gospel!

"And what is it, you sing not The Day of Wrath, and I like it, with all its terror."

"Be still, Mother; the piece is good, and now they turn to the Gospel."

"O, Gospel of my Lord! glad tidings, resurrection and life! Holy, happy Gospel of my JESUS, with His blood written for us at the cross, thou dost well resound in our choir! Thou bringest joy indeed to my hearing; my bones, thus humbled in death, do rejoice! Thanks to Thee, divine JESUS, thanks and glory forever more!

The Superior speaks.

"O, you speak, and promised me not, blessed Superior."

"No, I say only to the Sisters they might have expected me to speak, but you wished, and very rightly, that poor Sisters of Charity should be suffered, as they lived silently doing good, silently to go to their only Witness and Judge the other side their grave. You too, Mother, be safe; nothing of you now, time enough —an Eternity to see what our Father has prepared for those who gladly leave all for Him,—for Him do and suffer all! Ah! so vastly more extensive their good will than their little means; and, after all, so far is all and everything unworthy of so great, and so good a Lord! His mercy all!

The Offertory—Elevation.

"Well, so! And the censer now, and our frankincense to Him; our praise mounting in the cloud, its perfume the grace of our JESUS which covers all our sins as that blessed smoke my wretched frame's first tokens of death. Offer, and be offered for me, O my JESUS! Thou the Pontiff and the Victim! Raise your Sanctus, O Sisters! Let the little bell of

consecration hasten, its thrilling sounds bid all adore! He comes! He blesses all, and poor me, —our Hidden Joy,—our JESUS,—our GOD! O, so long on earth for Mother that moment of faith and love! O what *then* is now face to face above.

Ages of ages—Pater.

"Per Omnia sæcula." What loud proclamation of my Eternity!... Ages of ages. ...World without end! Now I take possession of that immense estate, our Eternity, so often announced to us, so often from that Altar where its price is brought and offered for us, it is thus loudly announced, Per Omnia Sæcula sæculorum! Sound it full for me, dear Superior, at the end of every orison! But now particularly beginning the prayer of our Lord: say in His name, for though present He keeps silent, and makes the voice of His priest His own, say so loud and slowly to His Eternal Father, and ours, the prayer our JESUS made for us: Pater Noster, our Father who art in Heaven! Say, and repeat secretly Sisters,

for poor Mother in her coffin so soon to be covered by the great black plank that stands there by St. Vincent's picture."

End of Mass.

"Yet stop, till all is ended of that divine Sacrifice to which my body will no more be present,—neither my body nor my soul! Ah! more than three months deprived, now my poor body comes alone—Watch indeed yourselves lest ever you might let your *soul* be *absent;* you, then guilty, I not. I cannot help now: my soul is gone to the altar that St. John had seen above, and upon it the Lamb, and around the ancients, and the angels singing their heavenly "praise, honor, divinity to the Lamb forever!" Art thou there my poor soul? Did the poor sinner hear a "To-day thou wilt be with me in paradise?" O, was it so! You cannot know it, Sisters. Pray rather, pray fervently for me in case your Mother is still in the place where every farthing shall be paid, if not by your

mercy and assistance released, and hastened to the better place.

Coming around the corpse.

"But, Mass is ended it seems, and what is now coming along on both sides of me? Well, these blessed young seminarians, our hope. Dear to me their presence, though I miss those of my time, Clauzel, Romeuf, and Delany whose graves I long visited, but for years of lameness I visited no more. Alas! not even those of my Sisters and my children so near till now you carry me to them. My old friend Mr. Duhamel too, I miss,—dead too, dead before me! My John Hickey too I miss, but am glad to have known ere I died to be recovering, and so near. Remain, blessed John, yet a little while to do good, —remain, and if possible, this mountain and valley all around! I go, my time is over! Jerusalem! how did I long for thee."

The Cross,—the Libera—the Censer.

"That white cross opposite,—it pleases

me so much! Hail cross, my only hope! Blood of my JESUS, wash me! Yes, in death I repeated, "wash me!" Deliver me, as they sing now, deliver my soul! Hush Sisters! Let those strong voices push it resolutely for me. Firm, priests of my JESUS, falter not; time for your secret tears after, not now. Chant loudly that sacred heart-rending *Libera!* But, O do you move the censer towards me? sinful me!—a body for the grave."

"Yes, Mother; bear a little; is not this body pledged to glory? We perfume it not for the worms of your dark cell; 'tis for your glorious day we do, and as for the temple of the Holy Ghost, not wholly destroyed, but on the contrary, soon, so soon, even it were for thousands of ages waiting to be so wonderfully refined!"

A body by so many communions marked for heaven.

"O, body taken from dust to be raised to immortality, dost thou hear these glad tidings the priests of JESUS give thee! was I not right to have thee subdued for

Him, put to labor and denial, early rising and poorly fed and clothed! Were we not right to think in all but of this last happy consummation to die well in our JESUS, sleep and awake in His arms! O, now precious body of mine, I call thee, when Himself, thy JESUS, who had taken one like thee to bleed and die for, vouchsafed so often to come and secure, watch and mark thee to himself since so dearly bought. Were we not right to force a little through the thirsty night, and wait panting for his blessed coming in the morning? Drink, Mother, said the kind nurse, and No, we replied, let us mind but *Eternity*, and once more receive its best pledge! O, Communion! Sisters! ever mark the word in faith and love—Communion!

Now we go!

"But, what now the stir? They lift me. Where do you carry Mother?"

"To the grave now we go."

"Let us indeed, Sisters. Lo! the bell tolls, and the dogs moan piteously.

Sultan! Sailor!—good bye! Bark much, do not *bite*, like all kinds of faithful, keepers do; bark much, not bite. Sacred sanctuary, door of the Tabernacle, hail, hail a last time! How long my eyes fastened upon you! Dearest choir, ten years, ten times a-day visited so happily, wanting so little anything else on earth, my meditation, my holy Mass, my beads, my examination, my prayer of agony at three, and kissing Thy floor; my reading, and night prayers, my writings, and gatherings for my Sisters, and my Sunday musings to the mountain yonder! O, choir, adieu! be to my Sisters pleasing!—I go!"

The Piazza.

"It is cold; it is winter now; all a chill on our walks, and tears and sobs before, and behind me,—all strange! All dark, and so straitening in that coffin they nailed me in. So I will not see the field, and the stone-house below where ten years ago we began so poor and so few. Be blessed! O! let me cry

it passing along,—be blessed holy man* who gave us all! Can we, shall we ever forget thee! Be blessed, and do good in thy distant place! Mother carries to GOD thy remembrance, and do, when you hear of her, for her also pray. Hail now, and farewell all friends I leave scattered afar on this earth, on which this last short journey I strangely thus take—Farewell! pray for me."

Farewell to the four winds.

"Farewell to the *South*, I first see;—Ah, ah! my sons farewell!—be good! Farewell, ye at Georgetown! Good Father Kohlman and your brethren prosper! Farewell, Sisters of St. Francis and St. Theresa! Farewell, to the *West*, —good Father Sibourd, and you, higher up the river. Bishop Dubourg, our first founder, farewell! Farewell, Bishop David, once our father too, here! Good Bishop Flaget, farewell! and ye, all I leave behind on the *East*, O many, so many farewell!—Indeed, from here to

* Mr. Cooper.

Boston, and some in France, and one so sacred in Italy! Farewells of mine be all wafted in grace, good will, and gratitude! May GOD hear for all!"

Now turning.

We turn I think; the stacks of hay left behind,—all stubble and hay! Truly nought is all possession for me going to Eternity! The stubble passed by—My JESUS! Thy manger,—a last thought this time! The bricks! you built Sisters, not for me! but all you build for good, be blessed! This the little wood, I think, as they shake me from side to side amidst all its young saplings, and old stumps, and fallen limbs, and knotty, projecting roots—This, the *Eden* of our dead bodies, here the friendly ground opens to receive them, and keeps them for their last day, and long, long dwelling till then.

The Graves.

O, graves! arrived,—we stop! I lay across the two poles the ropes ready to lower me down;—a pause, and I am

glad, yet a blessing and some prayers. Stop Richard! that all be done. But, are you all around me, you my Sisters? you dear children? O, kind! O, be good, and pray for me—Mother loved you; Mother carries you all to her other world! in Purgatory, my GOD, if to stop there, still, let me pray for all, but if in Heaven, straight to Heaven— my GOD, O my GOD, will it be so?—when by Thy own time, and will in Heaven, how indeed, will I pray for all! Valley, mountain, little city of Emmittsburg, my last adieu! —long farewell! They move me,—lower me down,—Adieu all in the *upper* places! Adieu!

Who is there all around?

Deep laid, hard, solid ground, and a *narrow cell;* reddish, clayish, stony place! Who is there on my right? Meseems these bones shake through the partition, and push for mine. Indeed! those of Rebecca: my Bec on my right, and then Anna, her sister, right, and my Cecelia and Magdalen next. Good GOD! pity the five inseparable souls as one!...

And you at my feet, I think Jane,—and you, Kitty, where?—you Martina, where? You, of the first ones, Helen, Maria Murphy,—you, Guerin, the French woman,—you, all I loved, can you not speak and tell me where each one is here fixed in our sisterhood of graves? O, silence, silence of Death, no answer! Only that we all rest in our JESUS, as in Him we lived; in Him we do rest who fills all heights, and all depths at once! Him for whom darkness is light, and death life, and life Eternity!...

All gone! now the worms, but the glorious hopes.

Sisters! you go. You do leave me, O, pity me, pray for me, and do remember, forever be united as true Daughters of Charity!

Keep well the rule and be in all forever true children of your own JESUS' Church. Farewell! thankful! Mother loves you,—you also children, and with you, all who came to Mother before you. Farewell, good neighbor of the little

city! Farewell, Superior and Father! —farewell all! They are gone! They are far,—their steps cease to resound. All now our own silence of the little wood. My GOD, be my silence Thy praise! You may begin, O, worms! I say to you with Job, and with rottenness itself, you do but for life work. On! you are my father and my mother that prepare me for that incorruption to be put on. That refined change I confidently hope, for with blessed Job I close saying: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I myself, the poor body, am to see Him with my own eyes. Even here does the blessed hope rest, trusted immoveable through Him in my bosom. He will call me, my own JESUS and to him I will answer, O, come JESUS,—Come, O Lord! Begin soon, O great, O magnificent Eternity!

The retreat of the First Communion band for the Feast of the Epiphany opened at St. Joseph's on the evening of January 3, 1821. *In his last visit to Mother,* Mr. Bruté *engaged her prayers for its success. Her death that night closed its progress, but the exercises were resumed on the* 10*th. Mother's heart had always been in this preparatory retreat, and her love of the children confided to her was tender.* Mr. Bruté *knowing the union of hearts which existed, represents the children as seeking instruction at her grave.*

First Communion at St. Joseph's.
Mother died the 4th.

January 10,
1821.

The children at the tomb of Mother.

"Who comes to the little wood, and kneels by my cold mound? It is all snow, and frost around,—no grass, no leaves, no flowers, no shade—Who comes to my dreary lonely grave?"

"Your children come, dear Mother; they kneel here by you to shed their tears and pray."

"You, my good children, by me! O, for Mother pray! Here is Caroline Devereux, and Angelina Smith,—nearer my own Rebecca, my Anina, once your friends of the school, and Mother rests here at their side. O! look all over the swelling tombs; it is a whole St. Joseph's now in the little wood, and I, the Mother resting with them. O! it is so cold children; remain not long."

"O! to remain we are so pleased, and

we would ask you the many, many things of death,—the many, many things of that great Eternity to which you are gone. O, Mother! the many, many things of heaven, and our of Lord and His saints. Do tell us a great many things."

"It is so cold, children, and are you not afraid by me?"

"No, no; well pleased; our tears and our prayers please us here."

"And they please me, children, only be not long."

"But do Mother, speak to us, and we then will go."

"O my children! so many, many things of our JESUS,—of the Judgment Seat, and the Right Hand, and that great Book of Life; all within it that I have forgotten, even from those youthful days you now sport away. My account in it I found closed and ready, the moment I left you that fourth of January, early at two o'clock, and all asleep, my children, my Sisters. The silent, dark night. You all asleep up stairs, Xavier, Susan,

Anastasia and I, and,—O, my children! my Josephine—love her!"

"Dear Mother! we do."

"The Book of life, my dear children, The Book of Life, only mind that! All your accounts opened, and every day, every hour carried for so many points of eternity. The good points of true service, true love, so well marked with the precious Blood of your Saviour,—but, O, the bad, dark points of sin! Sin, dearest children, sin, sin—O, that you may conceive how fatal and miserable is its mark! Had you seen and heard that "Holy, holy, holy" singing above to Him you so easily offend on earth! Had you seen the two places, and the Judgment Seat between! and a sentence forever coming forth as soon as the soul arrives! O Death, children! O Judgment! your GOD, your soul, your Eternity!"

"Mother, we try to mind this all our best now. Our retreat this day begins. We will try so fervently, and truly to prepare for that day!"

"Do, my children, for, indeed life is

given, but to prepare for Eternity; and given so uncertain, and so short, but, pray, what is your retreat for?."

"Dear Mother, don't you remember, we had begun the third, and when so fainting yet you prayed for us in your heart, we knew when it was told you it was for our sacred Communions. But, that fourth, that night! Ah! we had a hope that you would still be with us, our Epiphany Day! You were gone, taken, O, GOD! Here we weep and pray."

"My children, weep not. Prepare most fervently, and give me your share of love this retreat, and on your great day, your blessed day, your Communion Day,—and for many their first one. My first,—my last,—all of them, my only joy on earth! Do, do prepare; but now it is so cold in this place go!

"We go, but we will soon return. O, Mother!"

✠

Eternity—Jesus.

January 11, 1821.

"Mother, Richard has come!"

So soon returned to me, children! Are you here by me?" "Yes, Mother, and we tell you poor Richard has come, Richard your son, and news from William."

"Be good, my sons; your Mother's prayer and blessing. But now, the other world for me, and only "be good" and follow me,—soon you follow me! Heaven! Eternity! the other world! This earth, children, prayer, blessing and salvation to its travellers, soon to follow me!"

O, Mother! you loved Richard and William so much."

And my Josephine, and my Bec, and Anna so much I loved! and *to God* they belonged more than to me, and some He took before me, some He left. O, children, a few years! Enough to transfer all from this to that side, to my great,

great Eternity,—mine now, who spoke of it to you,—mine! Your GOD, dearest children, your Saviour, your souls, your Communions, mind only them and speak of them to me."

"Mother, you speak of them to us. You so plainly see now and understand GOD, our salvation, and Communion. You see so plainly all of these things. We on earth, and we so young and light, scarcely see the greatness and beauty they contain in themselves. GOD, our infinite GOD, Sovereign Lord, of salvation in His mercy; a Communion, consummation with Him made man for us, Mother, this we know, yet how will your children understand sufficiently, O, Mother, can they?"

Dear children, *believe*, and *love*, and *trust*...Believe, and carefully prepare. He comes to you who said, if you love Him, He and the Father will come to you. If you receive Him, He will abide in you, and you in Him. Carefully prepare, and His heavenly grace will sufficiently for this life, testify His presence."

Our life, our own life a mystery; but you, O, Mother! the light in light itself! Can't you tell us more?"

"My children, remember the holy Apostle who had been taken to the third Heaven, and had heard there the great mysteries, could not relate them on earth, No, he could not! nor eyes, nor ears, nor hearts are there upon earth that could enjoy the fulness of such things as you enjoy; except by faith and love,—your JESUS, your divine Lord in the flesh, to the shepherds had but the common appearance of a child, a lovely child in the manger, wrapped up in swaddling clothes; to the Magi no more, and upon His cross,—O, wonder of wonders! no more than that of one struck for your sins, and all our iniquity put upon Him in bruises and sores! So, so, children, in His Divine Sacrament the most feeble appearance still veils the same majesty and divinity, which your Lord once obscured for you in Bethlehem, and upon Calvary. No words can express children. Faith alone, and love can

pierce the veils. Only carefully prepare. Do prepare."

"The bell, Mother, we go! We do prepare, will do it ever,—will so carefully prepare!"

✠

January 12, 1821.

"O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory! for the memory thereof is immortal! It triumpheth crowned forever."

Wisdom 4. 2.

"Why do you move so this ground of my rest, above and around me? Tell Mother in her deep, dark cell below."

"Rose-trees, and flowers we plant for you, and mean not to trouble your blessed rest."

"Plant the Passion Flower, that you think of our JESUS when you visit me; plant it. The root will plunge towards my breast, sip from my heart, and display on the leaves its dearest secrets. O, JESUS! Sweetest Lord! Thou, who

didst take for me the thorns, do they plant for me roses?"

"Mother! suffer your children! They do but honor His tabernacle! So often His delight, and His rest in this your own body, sealed now for the glorious resurrection."

"Oh! what do you say my beloved friends? My bones shake for joy. O, that it may be so!"

"Will it not, Mother? And does not for us the same wonderful hope brighten through our dear preparation. 'He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, I will raise him up at the last day.'"

"Dearest Children! too happy here you make Mother, to repeat to her these unspeakable hopes. This, my body sown in corruption for the present, to rise for endless glory, and bliss face to face with its Redeemer!"

"And we also, to be sown in death, to the same glory and bliss destined! O, will it be, do we ask also, with faith and love thus filled, by these graves? God of Goodness, Infinite, and Incompre-

hensible, are we destined to immortal life, and bliss? O, will it be!"

"It will children, if only you persevere. A few days, a few years to persevere then an immortal, endless bliss, the everlasting joys, everlasting face to face. Prepare your fervent Communions: receive Him who will raise us at the last day, who will, He says, reform the body of our lowness made like to the body of His glory;—of His own glory, my children, He says, He, the Faithful One, in all His words!"

"Mother, how happy we do feel amidst all these graves! How will the flowers delight our sight in this garden of immortality! So many, many communions all these precious bodies received! So faithful a service of love, and self-denial they offered to their JESUS."

"Spare your words, children, think but of Him, speak but of Him, our only hope—only love! We, the dust of sin, and in death remembering only that we did not enough for our beloved Crucified.

Enough! nothing, nothing, nothing more children!"

"O, Mother! Nothing indeed, was it not that His grace has made it pleasing, and acceptable for an Eternity. We are told so, and will cherish the blessed thought all life, as now it is all the delight of our preparations to receive Him. We, the poor children, as well as you, the poor humble Daughters of Charity, could do *nothing* for our divine Communion, but, most tenderly, confidently trust to the only merits of our JESUS who calls and invites. O, now suffer us, Mother, to plant a few more flowers and so well pleased we go."

✠

Friday
January 12,
1821.

O, last Consummation in Him above!
O, Communion here below!
O, Eternity! O, Death!

"Come children! this is my eighth day

here, Friday, the day of the Passion of our JESUS."

"Yes, Mother, on his day of love, the day John rested on His bosom, you were called above."

"And the day of His Holy Name, you will receive Him. Be now prepared indeed. Lively faith, most tender hopes, boundless love, dearest children, sin renounced, His holy law so sincerely embraced,–all His law."

We do, Mother, wish to prepare more fervently, we pray and entreat; we are most fearful and in earnest; we try."

"Entreat Him this holy time, by His birth for you. O most amiable Saviour, come to this world for me, come now, come to me whom Thou didst so dearly redeem! Think, children, think of that love He had for you in the Father, a whole eternity before your springing into that life you have begun a few years since, and which he wants you to offer Him for another eternity."

"That thought, O, Mother, overpowers us poor children! To unite really

with our holy Lord, and be pledged to Him for that Eternity!"

"Yet your little book, so full of instruction, your catechism says, why children, why did He make you? To know Him, love Him, serve Him, and be happy."

"Serve Him, we say, in this world, happy with Him in the next."

"Yes, but even *in this world* you will be truly exceedingly *happy* to serve Him. Have only by His grace a most firm resolution to serve Him all your life; do not hesitate,—could He receive a divided heart? could He be pleased; or could He be deceived, O, my children! Think well of it, now that your confessions are made, most carefully examine, during these precious hours left to you, if truly you do repent of past sins, if truly you embrace His holy law,—all, sincerely *all His holy* law, for to *divide* your hearts is a hopeless abomination, a full profanation of His divine Communion. He that eateth me the same shall live by me."

"Cease not, Mother! more, more from your sacred grave! your poor children listen."

"Ah, dearest! did He not Himself live and die for you, even for each of you and is not His spirit to be yours, His thoughts, feelings and desires to be your own? His divine soul so closely to your own united; His adorable flesh and blood, so glorious at the Right Hand, truly and wholly delivered to you? Yes, my children, delivered once *for you*, delivered now *to you*! JESUS your *God Saviour*, to abide in you, and you to abide in him! Pay attention to this. Pray, let your most fervent prayer be that you may understand and remember this."

"O Mother! We scarcely breathe! can such little things of this earth be made so great, and so holy as to live thus by their JESUS Himself? Unite, be one, consummated with Him? Ah! it is too much."

"No, children, no! This is but your

glorious, and happy end. St. Paul says, and each of you say also: I live not I, JESUS in me lives. Say, dear children: "I believe in life everlasting," and this we know is our everlasting life, this only, in JESUS, by JESUS, for JESUS to live!"

"Happy Mother, you did live so."

"Ah, say nothing! Leave me to my silence, and to the silence of our great GOD here. The souls are gone, the bodies sealed so deep. 'Yet a little while,' leave to GOD His dead, and you, the living take heed, watch and prepare!"

✠

January 13, 1821.

O Eternity!
Immense, incomprehensible Eternity!
O glorious, happy Eternity in JESUS!
O, Communions to prepare us for it!
O, well done, ye who digged Mother's grave and spared the white-rose tree Bec had kept to share with her!

"Mother, your children are there," said Rebecca, with her rap through the

partition. "Tell them, I do entreat you, how I do feel with them for a first Communion Day; and remember my good little decury,—O, once the delight of my heart!

"Who speaks on your left dear Mother?"

"Rebecca." .....

"Yes, I, dear visitors, I. I say how glad I am for your great day, though I know none of your blessed number this time. Four years since I came here. How everything has changed. I believe none of you have seen Bec and her crutch, have you?

"Rebecca, my dear child, let us speak rather of the great things at hand, to the children. To-morrow, JESUS to be received. So many living tabernacles offered to Him on earth. O! rejoice for this and let us be forgotten."

"You cannot be Mother, nor can our own happy sister Rebecca. Suffer us to call her so. Our sacred day will also be consecrated to many prayers for you; for all in this our blessed little woods. Can we cease to cherish in death, more,

if possible, than in life, those who for us, or the others before us in St. Joseph's family, spent their hearts and souls to bring us to our JESUS, and through Him to our Eternity?"

"O, children! to bring you to JESUS! You fill my cold clay with lively emotion! Indeed, to bring your dearest souls to our JESUS, this, you say rightly, was all our heart and soul. Ask Jane, at my feet here."

"O! dear Jane, wholly spent indeed, soul and life for us! How do we remember you, feel the most tender love and gratitude as we hear from Mother your loved name."

"Children, forget us! me, and Jane, and all your best friends here, or let us only think, and speak once more of that most happy day of yours. This is all our love for you, and all yours for us; *the most holy and fervent to make it.* Communion, blessed, young souls, Communion! and for many the first time. Communion! *Jesus received!* Your own GOD Saviour to come to abide in you, you to

abide in Him. His real, adorable presence wholly granted to souls redeemed by Him. The body once attached to the cross, the divine Blood He shed for you. the Soul that offered all for you, the Divinity itself, your whole *Jesus* yours! O, Joy, honor! delight! But, O, Love! gratitude! faithful return! perfect gift of yourself to Him! your whole also to be given! Dearest children! will you not give all!"

"All, Mother, all, all, we do fervently desire to make His own! O! when our death comes, when our great Eternity begins, as yours has begun, Mother! Rebecca! Jane! all ye beloved and revered inhabitants of this little wood! When, O when our own death comes that this day of our glorious, incomprehensible blessing may be the *sweetest remembrance for each of us!*"

"Eternity, my children, *Eternity,—Death*, that dreaded word. How I like to hear you repeat with such hope, and exultation those great words, on the decisive moment of this, your last prep-

aration! Eternity! the glorious, immense Eternity of your union, and consummation in your JESUS; but, then face to face, and no more of the present veils and mystery. My dearest children, Eternity! there with all the Saints and angels of your JESUS!—there with your Blessed Mother, MARY! O, enough! I rest in a most pleasing increase of peace when you promise me your Communions all, are to be

Communions for that Eternity!

✠

January 13, 1821.

O Jesus! Infinite Goodness!

"How late you return children! Is not the evening piercing cold, and the dark veil of night settling all around. No twilight cheers now the mountain side,—the stars shine forth twinkling. Why so late visiting Mother?"

"Your blessing, dear Mother, we desire. Our parents are far, and they, and

our good GOD gave you a mother to us here. Alas! you left us!"

"GOD, our good GOD, will send one through His sweet providence. And whosoever His most amiable will gives, do love and respect as me. My dear Children, Himself all in all see, bless, and adore! His own divine hand lifted up to bless you when ours is spread over your head. Ah, stiff, stiff mine is, motionless thus across my breast in this coffin."

"We know, dear Mother, even at the holy Altar, or at our happy tribunal of mercy, but our GOD we see."

"Altar, that altar, and the tribunal of our JESUS' tender mercies! My frozen eye-lids could shed tears, my poor breast heave, the blood move again in my heart, which could beat its usual pulse of joy. You, dearest Children, do you feel enough!"

"We fear Mother, with our best love, but infinite Goodness!"

"Infinite,—infinite,—incomprehensible. —My Children! Infinite, infinite, as my

Anna did thrice repeat...Anna! you did! JESUS, infinite Goodness, have mercy!"

Anna repeated in her tomb the heavenly words thrice, and "JESUS! Infinite Goodness!" was murmured from tomb to tomb from the depths to the surface above. JESUS! O, JESUS! Infinite Goodness!

"O, Mother! it is infinite,—incomprehensible!"

"O, children, it is! Look, at the stars over your head, from North to South, from the East towards the Bay to the western mountain far beyond our hills! Number if you can, these stars of our brilliant winter! Pierce the spangled vault, and think of the farther, and farther millions! Then come back to your own heart and say: He loved me with an eternal love.—He loved me and delivered Himself for me—He loves me and delivers Himself to me,—a pledge to me of an eternal life. The words I hear are these: The Body of our Lord JESUS CHRIST keep thy soul unto life everlasting!—Think so,—say

so children, and be lost in wonder and delight!"

"We are Mother."

"Remember then,–never forget! Could you feel as you now do and sin again wilfully against so great and so good a Lord! forfeit again such love! Ah! such a love, and His eternal promises— Do persevere, my dearest children! This is from her grave, the fervent prayer, and blessing of your Mother. Happy children, do persevere! O tell also, my Josephine to persevere."

✠

January 14,
1821.

O, ring, ring that bell for the living and the dead!

"Sisters of the graves! and you my children, Anina, Rebecca,—You dearest friends, Cecilia, Magdalen, do we not hear the bell of the Divine Sacrifice ringing? Its voice fills our little wood. Let our humbled bones rejoice!

To-day, our dear children, the living tabernacles of our JESUS,—to-day celebrate upon earth His holy Name. To me, a second Sunday here, my poor body no more in that happy choir, near the threshold of that glorious sanctuary! Yet the Will, most high and most amiable in all!—

Poor body!—deserted temple, and falling now to ruins how often He came to visit thee! How glad to kneel, be prostrate, wait the moment, and receive! Yet, be quiet, He left His seal of immortality upon thee! He will call, and we will answer. He will stretch out His hand. He said, to the work of His own hand, thy soul is gone to judgment, but to mercy gone! For thee was said that wonderful truth: "I believe in the resurrection of the body!"

For thee that whole strain so wonderful amidst the divine declarations: "It is sown in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption, it is sown in dishonor, it shall rise in glory,—it is sown in weakness, it shall rise in power, it is sown a

material body, it shall rise a spiritual body!"

"These are our own promises, O! body of mine, and ye sacred bodies of my Sisters, my children, my friends! Is it not the word of our Almighty Lord? If He delivers us first to the strange working of these vile worms that riot all over us, and prey upon that very flesh which has been sealed by the sacred Body and Blood of our JESUS, will it prevent the truth of His divine word from prevailing? Oh, no! To reform the body of our present lowness according to His own body, will be but the play of that same power, that took once from nothing these elements so wonderfully to be changed and exalted!

O, the higher thoughts these last words excite! Body of mine, now so corrupt, thou shalt be made spiritual, heavenly, and then immortal, eternal, to endless glory and bliss raised! If the change is so astonishing, and mysterious, if that article of our blessed faith is so delightfully wonderful, and incompre-

hensible: "I believe the resurrection of the flesh."—Think only of the divine example of it that was given thee by our Saviour: not only as rising glorious from the tomb, where He had been laid so mangled and bruised for love of us, but as really present on every altar in every place to be united with us; His own body and blood, formerly seen, *invisible now;* formerly so cruelly suffering, and without sightliness, as said Isaias, now quite impassible, incorruptible, and *glorious* under the feeble appearances that conceal it from *mortal* eye...

Let us, let us unite from our resting place in this little wood, with the happiness of our children now in the choir, and coming to that altar once so dear to us. Let them only worthily receive, be made one with our JESUS,—be sealed by Him for their resurrection and triumph at the last day!

O, that they understood well—that they improved such exceeding honors,—such a happiness! JESUS received into

their mortal bodies! JESUS applying now to each of them His wonderful promise: I abide in them, and they abide in Me! O, that they henceforth know how to reverence, treat, sanctify, keep from sin and disgrace these their own bodies made so exceedingly holy and glorious in Communion!...

✠

The eternal, indivisible Communion of Saints.

In God no separation!

"Have you felt, O Mother, the prayer of your happy children? We did all pray for you with our whole heart at our Holy Communion."

"My children! Have you felt mine? *No answer* in our blessed union in our GOD. Himself receives, and applies silently to one another the love of those who are united in Him. Let His divine promise and our sacred faith suffice. In

Him we live, we are, and in death itself no separation takes place! A mystery, yet delightful!"

Yes, a delightful point of our divine belief, the best consolation of the absent; whether absent in our dispersion over this earth,—alas! a few miles would be enough to make a true absence—or, absent from this world to that other which has received our Mother."

"Delightful, my children, and worthy His infinite goodness. Do not forget it; ever cherish prayer, and very much that prayer of our *eternal love* for one another—"

"Eternal, you say dearest Mother!"

"Yes, yes, I said, my beloved,—*eternal* is our love in Him. Before all times its grace prepared in the bosom of the Father, by the offerings of the divine Son, and through the effusions of the Spirit of Love itself! Eternal, thence reaching to the Eternity which we have entered, to bless it with an endless increase of blessing if we pray well for one another."

"Ah! you have entered *Eternity*, but left us in life, in the valley of tears, and the land of offence, amidst all the dangers and temptations thereof we dwell!—We sit, we might say, upon the rivers of Babylon: you, Mother, you who longed so fervently for Jerusalem, Jerusalem has received you we trust,—trust, and yet pray."

"Indeed, pray, my children; betray not your truest duty. Who knows the holiness of GOD, His judgments, and unspeakable sanctity of Heaven!—Pray, my children, ever pray for a departed mother—But, hear me children, and may it be a light on this happy day that our JESUS be pleased to leave in your holy souls."

"Speak Mother!"

"*We* have *entered* Eternity, I said; and of Mother alone you thought, not of yourselves; yet, is not our first day of life on earth, entering truly Eternity, beginning its endless course, never, never to be interrupted? *It is;* and woe to the blind thought which dwells in too

many minds, that there is a first life on earth that belongs *to man*, and another to come after *for God* whom then it may be time enough to love..."

"O, we understand! unfortunate thought! Was it not too long our own, for many, many of us, our own. To live our own way *now*, then, in the time *to come*, after death, for GOD, as if He accepted us! O, the blind, unfortunate thought!"

"I am glad: you see happy children, the crime and the misery of that unworthy division — Think then that love is our life, and love, the love of GOD, should suffer no division. Love your best now, and at all times till death; by death consummated in love you will but continue better that Eternity you have truly begun, and must ever faithfully continue in His holy presence. Eternity, true Eternity of souls, whilst everything else, even the stars decay! Eternity! eternity of love! But O, children, horrible! to many Eternity, an Eternity of separation and misery. Watch and pray! Be good!

Sweet Saviour! bless thy abode this day, —these thy new living tabernacles, bless! Fulfil for them thy divine word: "He that eateth me, the same also shall live by me!"

✠

Mr. Brute writes to Josephine and Richard, as if from their Mother.

The little letter is addressed:

Joe and Dick
in the blessed choir
of my ten years service
to Him so near, so
present to you.

From Eternity,—no division
of time,—all eternity.
Of your earth, Jan. 12, 1821:
8th of my coming here.

DEAR CHILDREN,

"Be Good."

My children, as Mother enters her great Eternity,
look through that wide opening,

look through the throne of GOD,
look round to the seats of bliss,—
your own
as mine—
marked there, and kept for you!

O, whilst you hope I am happy.
Dearest children, look how you
will secure yourselves to be—
to be with your own dear
Mother.
A throne, a crown, a treasure, torrents of bliss
to you, children,
only *be good;*
ever so
to the blessed End!

Your Mother,
Ann Elizabeth Seton.

P. S. Mother permits us to join in the same hearty love of Eternity, telling but one same dear word with her. O, dear Joe,—dear Brother, be good and come with us.

Anina Seton, Bec Seton.

✠

Mr. Brute represents Josephine at the grave of her Mother.

The first part of this paper is gone.

countenance, every living feature appears as I lean over you. Your eyes seem opened to look up to me, your tender smile, your voice."

"My poor child, a corpse!—My eyes forever closed, my mouth can neither utter nor smile; a silent, dead, dead mother, O my Josephine!"

"O, Mother! my silence then too, and my tears in this lonely place, lonely and silent, with five such bodies in the ground. O! they live to me. I see,—I hear you, Mother, Rebecca, Anna, my dear aunts, I see you all alive to me under these little mounds—I hear you, you love me, you bless me! O! where are your souls, tell me!"

"We cannot; but be your hopes the most sweet in the exceeding mercies of Him who we tried to love, and who had

loved us, even upon His cross! My Joe! be your hopes for us such as He granted our own to be in death! Yet pray, so holy a GOD, so holy His glorious abode! Pray, and be good!"

(Here the paper is mutilated, and a part gone.)

"Left me! alas, alas, you have left me!

O! GOD has not left you. Have a great faith—Have your invincible love, and the most tender and full reliance on Him who has taken such divine care of your infancy and youth, who has vouchsafed to leave me so long to you, whilst my poor weakly frame could have yielded much sooner;—and who also when I was consecrated to Him yet did not part me from you, nor from your dear Sisters here before me."

"My Mother! you have left me now alone."

"O, my child, not alone! Who was in the heart of your Mother for you, but GOD? in her little words to you what grace could be but His own? and in your docility and dutiful application to

do well, and become truly pious, prudent, seriously and heavenly-minded, what could I see but Himself, merciful to you, and to me. And will He not be still so, our GOD, our all in all, my Joe?"

"Ah, my Mother! I still wanted you long."

"My poor child! GOD is all. Keep your mind, and your heart in peace in His presence, and do gently, day after day, and along each day, with pure intention and holy confidence. His adorable providence watches day, and night for us, and sends every moment its grace. Dear Joe! the grace of every moment, this is all."

"But, O, my Mother! I must be so truly alone now, I know what happens of the best friendships, but the only one of a Mother! I know, and will take it gently I hope, and without a hard thought, for it is but the unavoidable issue. Even the most excellent hearts hurry on their way, through their thousand duties, and their best intentions are wholly or partially defeated. My

God alone! as you say, but I am so weak. I have so entirely relied on you, —lived in your arms, till now—O! my Mother, how I do need your presence, and never, never more!"

"Never more upon earth, but whether our Lord destines you for a long trial, or will reunite soon the poor parted ones, we will, indeed, see one another once more."

"But in this pilgrimage no more,—never more! Here you lie mouldering, silent, parted, I alone on earth!"

"Josephine, my beloved child, have a great faith. Say often, and resolutely my sacred last prayers, to me, ever so sacred; you remember, "the Will, only will, most high, most amiable in all"—Offer me your most dear sacrifice. I too had to offer, and resign in death, your piercing cry, my only sacrifice left. My life nothing, if only I could in death be as sure for you as of my Anna, my Rebecca. O, Josephine, my child, be good!"

"I will, my Mother, I continually re-

peat the promise in my heart, and our Lord will support me."

"Be good, be blessed! All the blessings of your Mother's soul before GOD for you! You know also continually, continually will that blessing be for you in His presence. Be good, my Josephine, be blessed!

Heaven!
Eternity!
That beautiful, immense Eternity!
Eternity! O, O Lord, *Eternity!*

The following reflections in Mr. Bruté's *writing bear the date of June 8, 1818, two years and a half previous to Mother's death, and were probably offered as subject of meditation.*

✠

June 8, 1818.

O dear, dear Eternity, but the only Will, and redoubled fidelity duty, and sweet abandon.

"God alone" to be good, to do good. and "God alone!" "He is ALL."

The Morning after her death.

1. The sun rises, the fresh, and rosy dawn, the purple light clouds dispersing, the universal warbling,—the dew glittering and drying up, or rather entering the tender plants,—*All as usual*, all magnificence and goodness. Softness, calmness, and majesty all around, in the valley, and over the mountains, Mother no more here, great Eternity has received her.

2. Sorrow and prayers in the house, tears and silence—The little dog comes as usual caressing, the big old guardian barks at the strangers,—the horse and cart, and men on duty,—smoke issuing from the black chimney, and wood-splitting in the yard. They fix a breakfast at the workmen's house. They cannot eat, but look slyly about—In the refectory, tears and sobs, no eating, scarcely the little ones can.

3. The Sisters on their knees along the walls within the choir. Mother on the high benches in her white, the crucifix in her hands, upon her breast; her eyes closed, pale, cold, now the real paleness, coldness, silence, stillness of death; no changes of a soul to move that countenance! The soul has left that frame, and is so far off! Silence around, silent tears,—silent sighs. Every heart has followed her before GOD, and Mother still blesses them all with every best remembrance, and earnest desire.

4. But on the green, under the window, every little blade of grass stands

before the sun as still the tender roots suck up from the mother-earth, and every floweret rears its head. The smooth willow grows fast, the rough acacia looks still as black and spare as death,—the lilacs, no more flowers, their foliage dusty. Half the roses gone,—a mixture, as usual, a variety of thoughts, as Mother's corpse lies in the choir.

5. But the mountains afar,—their semicircle of rounded tops, their dancing woods high up, and lowering; trees covering all over, and the new verdant thick foliage now put on; no more the fallen and rotten log, or the tottering half-dead wood seen, the living cover the dead! soon, soon cover them! To Thee, O Lord, Thy saints live forever! Yea, forever, and ever, O, Lord!

6. The priests come from the mountain,—the priests of the Lord. Their care is of the living and the dead. They come;—their soul is hard and tender. They have wept, and they weep still in the choir, but the countenance of Mother cannot move. She would weep with them

before the altar, weep before her Lord! O Lord, how long did her tears flow before thy sacred altar! But she had seen also her Anna and Rebecca there, and the priests who had seen them too and their Mother then alive remembered.

7. The Sisters have put on the black at the altar, and the simple hanging folds without needle-work, and the high cross rests on the wall till they will go after that last Mass, and the young men stand who are come for Mother's burying. Many are come, and they shed tears. They have their white surplices. They make all things ready.

8. Heavens! the soul of Mother will not be there whilst the Kyrie begins, and the pontiff proceeds. Alas! will the song be uttered, or the lamentation overpower? But assist us all, O Lord! It pleases Mother we should all be firm, and keep the divine order of so great things as these. JESUS comes. "The clouds drops down the Just" upon that altar—The corpse so near!.. Communion, general Communion for *Mother!* They

receive! O, the Communions of that day! O, the Communions of Mother before!—her own there,—her soul now gone to the Communions of Heaven!

9. The Libera rents the choir, and groans and sobs prevail. The hammer nails. They take and carry Mother; six carry, and will be relieved of so dear a last office. They proceed, all singing, That Day of Wrath, and singing too,—I will ask it,—"Children of the heavenly King." Ah, my Sisters! O, poor Joe, what a moment! See the hole!—See, they let down!—See the mound rising! soon grass will cover as the others. Return, my Sisters, return;—be good; be firm, have a Mother, and persevere. Remember, and pray. Ah! to death every one will,—but the sun will rise another day, all the duties go on. The soul of Mother to her Lord, the body waiting in the grave!—

Mr. Brute to William.

CHER WILLIAM, I knew but yesterday, and from whom? Good Sister Rose. and at the very Sisterhood your happy last Sunday. Judge the effect in my heart, and especially on that spot where I am so seldom that I might say better than two or three months that I spoke to her in that choir. I came away myself so happy. Opposite the lane I was ready to go a moment to the little wood, and talk of it with Mother. Yet did not. Came home; would speak of it to you, and then would not,—better not. At last, just now, reading for to-morrow this pleasing Gospel she relished so much: "Yet a little while and you shall see me." I cannot help, and your heart must receive kindly this one more, may be now for long, one last poor effusion of my contented one. O, do persevere. Your GOD and your eternity before all, and above all.

Your friend of the high seas,

S. Bruté

William arrived
From the seas and shores so far,
William now comes
To Emmittsburg:
The Mountain,
The Valley,
Oh, the Valley.

The road that passes
Along the little wood,
The field, the fence,
the trees
That cover the graves—
Five graves—
But *oh!* the *one* grave!
One grave—
My Mother—
Her William I—
Three years ago
I saw her last;
I see, I see her now!
My Mother!
Do I not see you?

Under these trees
In that little enclosure:

My *Mother;*
My Sister Anna,
My little Rebecca,
Cecelia Henrietta,
The good angels
All together there
Before I went away,
But now;
My dear Mother.

No, my Mother,
And all are in heaven,
I look above;
What a sight!
Shall I not go
and meet them
Faithfully
Steadfastly,
Their good path
Of love
And service?

My God,
Now must I love thee,
My heart has but thee.
Friends too little when I

Have lost my Mother:
But as if with her heart,
I love Thee my GOD
Will serve Thee—I will.

Be Good
Said my Anna dying
My Rebecca too:
But how does my Mother
Repeat from her grave,
Ah did repeat in her heart
For me, each of her last
Communions
To my Saviour:
Be my William good!

I the ten thousand miles from her,
I never more will see on earth!
How did her heart cry for me:
Be Good!

I will, my GOD
I will join them all
In Heaven.

✠

LITTLE COMMUNICATIONS.

O, my God! bless, bless
this holy friend gone
to Thee.
Ah! when shall I go,—
appear—be judged too!
O, dear Eternity!

Well, at last my blessed Father you are acquitted and all that the kindest best invention of the most compassionate heart could do has been done by you to carry me through this hard moment which has passed and gone as easily as if our High Comforter had spread His soft wings over every fibre.

I have not done as much Community work of hearing, seeing, speaking in the last six months as this day with a heart still as a calm at sea. Laudater Jesus Christus.

Now *sleep* with Him from whom I think I have not parted a minute since I saw you, and then *awake* to receive Him with you. Laudater Jesus Christus.

The bell for Prayers.

Peace.

September 22, 1812.

On the grave of Annina, begging, crying to MARY to behold her Son and plead for us to JESUS, and to JESUS to behold His Mother, to pity a mother, a poor, poor mother so uncertain of reunion. Then the soul, quieted even by the desolation of the falling leaves around, began to cry out: "From Eternity to Eternity thou art my GOD! All shall perish and pass away, but Thou remainest forever!" Then the thought of our Dearest, stretched on the cross, and His last words coming powerfully, stood up with hands and eyes lifted to the pure heavens crying out, Forgive they know not what they do. Did *she*, Adored, did she know? and all the death-bed scene appeared... At this moment in the silence

of all around, a rattling sound rushing towards, along Anina's grave—A snake stretched itself on the dried grass, so large and ugly, and the little gate tied, but nature was able to drag to the place, and strong enough to tie and untie, saying inwardly: "My darling shall not be rooted by the hogs for you." Then put up the bars; and softly walked away... Oh, my dear one, companions of worms and reptiles!—and the beautiful soul,—*where?*

✠

You so often said you had no sufferings. Now I find your secret. You go so high, you do not feel them. So your poor Mother this blessed week past—So must it be.

Filicchi gone! You will not forget him—If you knew how much *I had counted* on his life, how much you would laugh at me, but GOD alone! I am too happy to be forced to have no other refuge.

I set out a new career; peace and silence, and submission the whole aim. If you knew but half the storms past, you would see it was a strong grace to take courage to begin again. But now I look for strong graces, as you may, since Rebecca was to offer all your letters and kindness from Heaven by begging and sending *whatever you wanted most.* Her looks at the crucifix making such promises of hope in Him alone for her getting there!

New rules, new duties—Pray, O, pray much for her who prays for your grace so faithfully. The same fidelity in all the rest and I would be as you bid me, *a saint.*

✠

Saturday afternoon.

The hard struggles of death in Benedicta * dearest child! I could not lift her, and Teresa doing it, she thanked her and repeated: "Bless you, my

* Benedicta Corish died January 17, 1814.

Sister." But, in an instant, as if she had given me pain in not receiving my services, she wraps her arms around my neck, fastens her cold mouth on my face repeating: "Dearest,–dearest,–dearest Mother, I am yours."

"Yes, my dear one, *you are His.*"

"I hope so, Mother. O! it will come now so soon, and all the angels will rejoice, *I hope*,–and the Saints will all be here, *I hope*–O, my JESUS, come and take me, *if it is your will.* This land of exile where I am only *sobbing*, and nothing here for me–I look all around my Mother,–there is nothing here for me."

True, dearest child, every breath that she draws is a sob. *I hope* indeed, as your Gazette said last night, that her packages are all well marked and received. She has been so dear and beautiful a model of sweetness, and that *bonte* you desire. She says, every Communion she made, she always did it as her last, and except *two* she always went like the prodigal. These two were,

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord." O our JESUS! His pure, and innocent handmaid.

Night of the Holy Name.

Poor, happy, agonizing Benedicta has passed her day dead yet alive, the soul scarcely appearing. Your poor Mother alive yet dead.

Rebecca in her Communion this morning, so pure and angelic in her preparation, and enjoyment—Asked her did she remember you? She was surprised at the word. "Indeed," said she, "I remembered. I never miss a day of my life, and certainly would not in Communion." Her great dilemma was how to give her plenary indulgence to Sister Benedicta for her departure, or to resign so great a grace for herself to begin this "new life" which she has so much at heart. If I could tell you half the amiable conduct of the little darling as Rose and her Sisters tell me, you would be delighted.

Graces, graces, graces, yet all at the end of the day is but one long sigh.

✠

Saint Francis of Sales.

I will plague you no more with such thoughts, though they are always with me in some shape or other—Our GOD, who sees all, knows all, can do all; as the poor savages say, will in His own time, for *now*, according to Sr. Angela's little representation of things your side, you have occasions of merit which can be the best of martyrdoms in an humble way, so different from what you could have calculated on here, or anywhere you might have engaged yourself. Blessed, blessed be His Name for all these dispensations of His grace!

✠

Transfiguration.

Ma Farrell * walks in and says with her little nod: Mother there was a little dissipation at three o'clock adoration. I meant to be so recollected, and was so afraid to forget, and so I stood up, and devoutly said the Angelus, and then turned to the children, and told them to pray for me, *as my head is a little turned, the Lord be praised!* for it is good for me to be humbled!" She is sometimes childrens' angel, and a angel indeed.

You have no idea how very gently all goes on. Sister Betsey in her baptismal innocence I think. You know Mr. Moranvillé received and baptized just a year, I believe before she came. *Gradually* I try to draw her to the charge of the novices that they may get her so pure and heavenly spirit. She kept their Chapter once, but not until I pictured

* Sister Bridget Farrell.

the characters of all; told her almost to a word, as she said after, what each one would say, and how she must answer. How our Beloved must love such souls! and *I, a torpedo* among them, for they tell the Superior I strike their very joints when I say a word; yet with our GOD I do feel at least acquitted that from the first moment of the morning I am in one continual watch to keep down my eyebrows and wear the ready smile, if even it sometimes be "ghastly." As to the *words*, I see plainly, it is like changing an Ethiopean to pretend to preserve the spirit of detail which the charity, and natural disposition of our Superior has made the spirit of our Community. Long may our Lord spare him to it, for who could ever be found to *unwind the ball* as he does, and stop to pick out every knot. Too happy I to break the knot, and piece it again. And it does seem to blind eyes like mine, so far from the spirit of simplicity to be obliged to spell every word, and feel

the pulse with *your Sisters*. But, I will try more and more.

✠

First Evening of 1815.

Indeed the preacher was very, very warm, too deep at first for his home-spun people, but the abundant heart poured itself admirably as with all "*authority*," *love, etc.*

Very, very few faults of English. Fire enkindled in earnest I hope. I shall never forget the Gospel or Epistle more than the preacher. This just and godly living, meditation for a *thousand times.*

You take such a *hard* countenance when preaching of late; not only when a Son of Thunder, as to-day, but as the Angel of peace last week, what is the reason?

I wanted you to call the past year more to account, and the threatenings of the present if abused.

But if many hearts felt as our poor dear Cecilia's!* Never can I describe to

* Sister Cecelia O'Conway.

you the expressions of that soul. Happily, my stop at Mrs. McAtee's kept me behind that she might hold fast my hand on her heart, and hers on mine, all the way. "O! my Mother, the hand of GOD is on me," was all the utterance she could give, and slowly fainting in her sighs and sorrow she came the way along—I in silence, like the clown, with heart lifted to GOD to strengthen her. At last, at the bridge I stopped her to tell, but could obtain only the expression: "O, my Mother!" and broken words about "graces lost," and "graces He would have given," and "when He said *that word*," she said it was like a thunder bolt." This evening she says again kneeling: "O, my mother! Communions made so many years! What now should be the love! O, for the treasure of that divine love!"

I delight so much to make that heart pray for you.

Note in poor Ogden's letter to Harriet that he says: "means not tried with Cecelia" yet they, her brothers and sis-

ters had her many days in a room of his own house threatening every extravagance they could think of, that she should not live with the wicked corrupter of her mind, if she did become a catholic, but be sent away to the West Indies in a vessel then ready; that she would cause my destruction, and deprive my children of bread, for they would, if there was no shorter way, petition the legislature, to remove me out of the state, with abundance of such nonsense.

For interest, it is a fact that my mother's own brother who had loved me more than any one in the world made his will of an immense fortune, and left me, the lawful heir, only One Thousand Dollars, I believe, for I never heard of it since.—

But, Ma Farrell comes with her little hem, and says: "Well, if ignorance be useful, I am ignorant enough. Do Mother," (down on her knees, hands clasped,) "tell me how to examine for the year. And how do you make an act of Humility?—But, the Lord be merciful

to me, if I *mince* the matter! I know no better, but I am a poor examiner, I would rather give up all to my GOD and forget it"...Quite a sympathy!

✠

I am so in love now with rules that I see the bit of the bridle all gold, and the reins all of silk

✠

This day of Manifestation. How many melting remembrances when in 1805 alone with GOD in so singular a manner as to take the desperate resolution to remain till the moment of death of no religion at all, since I could not find out the right one. With what ardor and firmness I would stretch out arms to Him and cry, I will hold to you in life and in death, and hope and trust to the last breath. Then on this very Epiphany Day, dusting a volume of our Bourdaloue I open the very festival and on the words: "O you, who have lost the star of Faith!" Then the torrents of

distress and anguish overwhelming again. To see a Catholic priest, O it was the only supreme desire on earth, but that impossible so wrote immediately to Bishop Cheverus in Boston. I must show you his beautiful answer.

After Communion.

Now my GOD

O GOD, Immense GOD will your atom ever forget this Epiphany 1815, the gratitude of a thousand years penance would be little after it.

My JESUS,–our JESUS
My GOD–our William,
O GOD! Your lifted chalice alone can thank–O His Kingdom–poor souls unconscious,—there the point of points—

✠

Nothing in our state of clouds and veils can I see so plainly as how the saints died of love and joy, since I, so wretched and truly miserable can only read word after word of the blessed

eighty-third and forty-first Psalms in unutterable feelings even to our God, through the thousand pressings and overflowings.

GOD–GOD–GOD.

That the supreme delight, that He is God, and to open the heart and mouth wide that He may fill it.

But to be patient, gentle, humble, how little of that through my torrents of daily tears and affections so delightful and enrapturing over the old black book of this Octave divine.—Our GOD.

A novice of the most simple, and least outward polish says to me with hands on her face, as she kneels before me, "*All my actions will be eternal* then in their consequence—O, my Mother!" So says one of your meditations to her heart,—quite lost in the thought. What then should mine be!

...Now I think for one spark of desire I have ever had to love our GOD, and to *show* I love, I have a towering flame,–but–but–proof, you say, poor little soul.

Well, I will try for that too, and I do beg you in the name of our Eternity tell me everything I may do to prove it better.

Conscience reproaches aloud how little charity and delicacy of love I practise in that vile habit of speaking of the faults of others,—of the *short, cold, repulsive* conduct to my betters, as all certainly are, and for much of my behavior to you my visible savior I would put it out,—especially some words of reproach and disappointment the other day. I would put them and it out with my blood. So, for what I see stands my actual act. Every thinking soul must think now; mine so deeply that I do not know it, yet it cannot be trouble, my blessed Father. As just now I reminded Sister Xavier, INFINITE LOVE, INFINITE GOODNESS multiplied and applied by OMNIPOTENCE is enough for his little worm to make it smile, and rejoice even in his Calvary where it nailed Him to show such wonders.

✠

Quarter past nine, Eve of Hosanna.

I cannot go without sharing with you this heavenly joy, you who bear my heaviest sorrows.

Our angel Cecelia comes kneeling for her Communion cross * cold and half fainting. No power of speech for many minutes. At last, when I got her on my bed, she sighed it out: "No pain like this my Mother, known to GOD, and GOD alone, my Mother." A long while before I could draw from her why the pain. "O, my heart, my heart will break!" she long repeated with a dying look. At last, with many efforts the word dropped: "Tis my ingratitude; all He has done for me...and all I do so badly, O, my Mother."—And then again in fainting—Then roused again to say: "Yes, this night, if I am judged and lost, now, for them, I say. My JESUS, nothing could you do that you have not

* The sign of the cross on the forehead marked the permission of the Superioress for Communion.

done for me,—nothing, no, nothing—and the pain,—the pain, my mother!"

This dear Cecelia often has these pressing pains upon her heart in humble, silent, peaceful exterior, that none could even guess but the mother-heart.

She has poured her tears over your Meditations on Sin, Contrition etc., in a turn of heart so different from the rest. She is even venerated by us all. *Now what a Communion for her to-morrow*, and my heart like a black cavern beside her virgin lily tabernacle.

O my GOD!

✠

Your poor old Mrs. Lindsey. She must see the Mother. "Come, show me your rooms," she says, "and your pictures, and it will tender my heart."

"Here is our Redeemer,"

"The Lord be merciful, is it he?" dropping her curtsy.

"But where is the holy Queen?"

"There, with our little JESUS."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"And here is the Pope."

"O, bless him! I pray for him. Look, what he sent me," pulling out her Agnus Dei

...Poor old Mrs. Lindsey! yet she likes not to be thought old, nor near to death.

O, our JESUS!

All as quiet as the still breeze over the little lake at—

✠

What an enjoyment to receive a good Dutch girl, one-eyed yellow, and with all the stiff dignity of what the world calls "old maid" out of the heart of a Lutheran family "Laws! Laws!" she says, " it is so good to be here! Mammy cried enough, and she would say. 'Mary what do you go to St. Joseph's for? Here is plenty of every thing, and a gig to ride in, and a black girl to wait on you.' Yes, Mammy, I said, "but, if I do not lay up treasure in Heaven, Mammy, I would rather work hard at

the Sisters, and have church every day, than walk on gold here, Mammy." Then she said, "Come, child with me to the *Lutharians*," and I said, "Mammy, I wants to go to the Church which the Apostles founded. Luther is Luther, and Calvin is Calvin, and Knox is Knox, Mammy, but I wants the Church of the Apostles, begun by them."

To be sure, my dear, to be sure; you shall be in the Church of the Apostles.

And she repeats over and over: "O, thirty years, and I have lived so without Sacraments or Church, but it is not my fault; the Lord knows it is not my fault."

She strikes my chord there. Alas, my GOD, it was perhaps *my fault* by abuse of grace and my crimes.

✠

(A letter to try to convert Mrs. Post, her sister, to the Catholic Faith. How useless she thought it. Most curious!)

One only heart, clear for my thoughts as the stream of your Grotto. Your

letter to sister admirable, if first the big stone of darkest ignorance and indifference was removed on the point of first necessity, *that there is any true Church, or false Church, right Faith or wrong Faith.* But, blessed soul, you, nor any one who has not been in that ignorance and indifference, can imagine the size and depth of it. And, putting myself again, a moment in the place of my sister, even with my great advantage of having been passionately attached to religion when a protestant, which she is not. I imagine I read your letter, and looking up with vacant surprise would say. What does the man mean? Would he say that all who believe in our Lord are not safe? or if even a poor Turk or savage does not believe, is he to be blamed for it? They make GOD a merciful Being indeed, if He would condemn souls of His own creation for their parents bringing them in the world on one side of it or the other!

My brother Post once asked me so simply, "Sister Seton, they say you go

to the Catholic Church, what is the difference?"

It is the first Church, my brother, the old Church the Apostles began." answered the poor trembling Betsy Seton, dreading always to be pushed on a subject she could only feel, but never express to these cool reasoners.

"*Church of the Apostles!*" said my brother. "Why, is not every church from the Apostles?"

Sister Post interrupted. "Well! apostles, or no apostles, let me be anything in the world but a Roman Catholic, a Methodist, Quaker, anything! A Quaker indeed I should like extremely; they are so nice and orderly, and their dress so becoming! But, Catholics, dirty, filthy, red-faced,—the church a horrid place of spits, and pushing, ragged, etc. etc!" (Alas! *I* found it all that indeed, if that had been a part of the religion!) And, she said to me whispering mysteriously, "They say, my sister, there is a great picture of our Saviour *all naked!*"

It is a fact that a most pious, better

informed woman than my sister, or poor Betsy Seton found me kneeling before my crucifix, and shrunk back with horror, seeing a naked picture. That very lady, Mrs Livingston. (of the nobility of America,) quitted the protestant church for Methodist meeting, and I said, to those who laughed at her. Why not, if she likes the Methodists? For ever accustomed to look only to little exterior attractions, as the dress, quiet of the Quakers, a sweet, enthusiastic preaching among the Methodists, a soft, melting music of low voices among Anabaptists, or any other such nonsense, the thought of a right Faith or wrong Faith, true Church, or false one, never enters the mind of one among a hundred...

O, my GOD! My heart trembles and faints before Him here in His little sacristy close to His tabernacle while I ask *how am I here? I taken they left...*

I tell you a secret hidden almost from my own soul, it is so delicate, that my hatred of opposition, troublesome inquiries etc. brought me in the Church more

than conviction. How often I argued to my fearful, uncertain heart, at all events, Catholics must be as safe as any other religion. They say none are safe but themselves; *perhaps it is true*, if not, at all events, I shall be safe with them as any other. It is the way of suffering, and the cross for me, that is another point of security. I shall be rid too of all the endless salutations of Trinity Church, and the dissipated dress and—among strangers, unknown, and if indeed, as I have most reason to believe, *the Blessed Sacrament is my Jesus, the Daily Sacrifice*, the opening the pained and suffering heart to a guide and friend—My God, pity me!...I was in the church many times before I dared look at the Sacred Host at the elevation, so daunted by their cry of idolatry.—

There! you read what I would have carried to the grave, only I wish you to know well, as far as I can tell you, the impossibility for a poor protestant to see *our meaning* without being led step by step, and the veil lifted little by little. I

am cold to my bones, and hand and heart trembling while I think how I have passed through the thousand mazes... and my thousand *ifs* to our GOD: yet appealing to Him, the *if* was only fear to displease Him...but I was alone with Him.

✠

And poor Dedde who yet said the last word after telling, "Sister Sus, *pray hard*, I have such hard fight." Then, a minute before going, "Sister Sus, I have peace now." This constant use of holy water and the crucifix a great comfort to us, and like Anina, it was JESUS, MARY, Joseph all day and all night.

Note of Mr. Bruté.—Dedderick the gardener, at St. Joseph's; died 12 January, about 1818. R. I. P.

✠

Six o'clock after morning meditation.

In this *little* life of your Mother, not a moment since I saw you to write a

word but the meditation or a volume would have not been enough to say half the heart that fastens to yours more and more if possible,—but with such freedom of the local circumstance, or position of the moment, that I shall see you go again to fulfil your big Presidentship (O bad omen! I did not know that tear was there.)* Well! I will see you go to do His *will of the present moment*, with no other sighs, or desires, but for its most full and complete accomplishment. Your little, silly woman in the fields,—most happy name, and place for her!—your little woman, silly of our dear silliness of prayers and tears, will now hold closer, and closer to Him, who will do *all* in you, as He does in my poor, little, daily part, and try always to bring you the—(Tut! there again! My candle is so dim, I cannot see) try always every moment to bring to you the support of a Mother's prayers. Her cry to Him, for *your* full fidelity, as for our poor William's deliverance from evil you know. But, for the

Note; This paper bears the mark of tears.

advices which would assist, I am truly silly, going as you know, to meet every body in the grace of the moment, which we never can know till we find the humor and temper, of the one we are to meet with, the many mistakes all swallowed, and comforted by intention, intention, intention. Our true peace, and security with our BELOVED as you so often delighted to tell me. Rebec calls. Jos. sick too. Very well. You are coming. Our BELOVED waits!

✠

Night

Just read your first Traveling Meditation for the nine days of our Mary and her little hidden One.

Unite well with us in this sweet travling next week.

If you should make them *practical*, and travel *back* leaving the President's chair, and suite of apartments behind, it would be most beautiful: that childish!

You did not leave *all*,—the whole delight of your France, and family *but to do His holy will.*

Lo, I come. O, the grace of that word to my soul this week of grace!

O! the thirst to do that will, and the greater thirst that *he* may do it to its full consummation who came so far to meet it, whose responsibilities are of an *eternal consequence.*

My son, be most careful to find *the will,* not by the dear coaxing your Mother charged you with, but by a prayer of full confidence such as your silly sinner dares to use.

And *now* may He support and comfort, and carry you well through the *dirty hard road* in both ways.

✠

Sunday.

While I say our Te Deum in union with your thanksgiving, my heart fills at "O, Lord! save thy people!" thinking how things are shared in this world.

I see a quiet moderately experienced man put in the center of a congregation, which is not "saved" for want of an

active, zealous, driving man, because they must have "Fire" cried in their ears.

And I see a zealous, driving man without experience put in a Seminary where he will "save" none because he cannot wait to gain a heart, or unfold a temper, and his zeal, instead of bedewing the plant in the thirsty ground crushes it under foot...Alas! well if he does not root it out forever!

O,Lord, then Save, save the redeemed of Thy Precious Blood, and send wisdom from above!

I am truly down-hearted this day, poor leper, yet "Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" has been my incessant prayer with one hundred meanings. Too sick to do anything but pray...and *Communion* to-morrow, will pray better.

✠

1st. *Sam* *

Now we'll catch Monsieur le President. First, we will fill his head with plans of reformation. Every successor improves on his predecessor. To be sure. Of course with the succession comes multiplied distractions of thought, complaisances, etc. That alone a fine trap if there was no other, but, (O, joy to the grinner!) we will catch him too by endless conversations and opinions. To be sure, such a President must be *full* of opinions. This seraphim's wings shall be clipped, and the modest, retiring, devout spirit shall swell, and fill, and push, and insist. O, be joyful! what a change we will see, and this simple heart, loving now to see but his GOD in

* Another name for the enemy of souls. This communication was probably one of those good advices or warnings referred to as given by Mother on the occasion of Mr. Bruté's appointment to the Presidentship of St. Mary's, Baltimore. There is a marginal note to the first part of this paper in Mr. Bruté's writing, a word of protest as it were, "Is Thy servant a dog!"

and the salvation of souls, shall be plunged in the labyrinths of science, and grow fat as a Doctor...O! we will have fun this next year 1816. Short thanksgivings, quick preparations, forced offerings...this Jesufied...

2d. *Good Angel*

Well, at least he will have abundant sacrifice of dearest, choicest consolations. He will act in full opposition to his own choice. His daily bread will be dry and hard. He will be a bond of union and peace to his confrères—a spirit of purest, ardent piety to worldlings, and an example of cheerful and tender forbearance to His pupils. After a little while of subjection and patience to his wild heart, it shall be set free from the yoke improved and experienced, to return with new ardor to its more simple and heavenly delights.

✠

You would never believe the good your return does to this soul of your little

Mother. To see you *again* tearing yourself from all that is dearest, giving up again the full liberty you lawfully and justly possessed, exchanging for a truly heavy chain, and the endless labyrinth of discussions and wearisome details, (to give the softest expressions). In proportion as my pride in you increases, my own littleness and empty sacrifice to our Beloved is more evident, and I am ambitious—(indeed, often with many tears,) to get up with you a little by a generous *will*, and more faithful service in the little I can do, and really take it as my most serious affair to pray *well* for you, and get prayers from *all*.

I will tell you in what I know American parents to be most difficult,—*in hearing the faults of their children.* In twenty instances, when you see the faults are not to be corrected by the parents, but rather by good advices and education, it is best not to speak of them to Papa and Mamma, who feel as if you reflected on their very *self*. While to you it will be: "Yes Sir, I know,—I perceive," in

the heart they think it is not so much, and they will soften, and excuse to the child what they condemn to us, and our efforts afterwards avail very little.

✠

The poor Miss Yates frantic to get away. "No one can stay in this house without being a Catholic. O! let me go; I shall be a Catholic." And she cries really night and day. Tells of her father's distress, when in his last agony, at the declaration of her younger sister, who was at Mr. Bacona's school, that she wished to be a Catholic. She walks the hall and dormitory like a frantic woman.

O, then, pity, and pray for such poor blind ones incessantly. Can you lift the blessed chalice without thinking of them? I would say nothing to Him but Thy kingdom come all life long.

Our God—our All—and we enjoying his fullness with what dreadful account if not improved!

✠

Most precious Communion preceded by alarm and thoughts of fear, but all settled in one thought, *how he loves and welcomes the poor and desolate.* He said while the soul was preparing. See the blood I shed for you, is at this very moment invoked upon you by your brother, and—and— they prepare, and you will thank. Peace...Silence..... the Garden .....my Will, my Will forever!
O yes, Adored! your Will, your Will forever!

In all my late Communions this abandonment, and misery has given a mixture of sorrow, and peace, and love which is made a part of the daily bread, though so many other bad, bad ingredients are added.

✠

...Your poor little Mother is lost these days past in your *Canada* letters. O, my! to see man a *wild savage,—a polished* savage,—man, in any state, *what a sav-*

age unless he be in CHRIST! O, I gasp with desires to Him whom you are now carrying in and on your breast, for *your full, whole* accomplishment of His blessed will. I glance a fearful look at you, and Mr. Cooper, and say secretly if I was one or the other! Then adore, and think I know nothing about it; only, it seems to me that those who have light and grace already, might be trusted to keep it, and I would not stop night nor day until I reached the dry and dark wilderness where neither can be found, where such horrid crimes go on for want of them, and where there is such a glorious death to be gained by carrying them.

O! if I was light and life as you are, I would shout like a mad man alone to my GOD, and roar, and groan, and sigh, and be silent all together until I had baptized a thousand, and snatched these poor victims from hell.

And, pray madam, you say, why does not your zeal make its flame through your own little hemisphere? True, but rules, prudence, subjections, opinions, etc,

dreadful walls to a burning soul wild as mine, and *somebody's*. For me, I am like a fiery horse I had when a girl, which they tried to break by making him drag a heavy cart, and the poor beast was so humbled that he could never more be inspired by whips or caresses, and wasted to a skeleton until he died. But you and Mr. Cooper might waste to skeletons to some purpose, and after wasting, be sent still living to the glories of the Kingdom. In the meantime, that Kingdom come. Every day I ask my bête soul what I do for it in my little part assigned, and can see nothing but to smile, caress, be patient, write, pray and WAIT, before Him...

My blessed GOD! thy Kingdom come!

✠

Rebecca says, opening her eyes with weary smiles at Mother, "I must die, that is clear, how will you live without me, Mother?"

"Mother will soon wear away, and follow darling."

We exchange so many rapturous looks of hope, it must amuse the angels. When she sleeps a morning nap through the time of Mass here, she goes to the Brother's Mass later.

Now she gets your picture. I would have put it with our Aunt's ornaments but, "No, no," she cried, "nowhere but opposite my eyes, at the foot of my bed."

✠

Sunday.

Just now I come from asking, *when shall I die*, whens hall *I sin no more*, and when shall G.* who must live to save souls look well to his *own*, in silence and peace—not going out of you, like a feather on the wind. For at last, how much more good can we do by staying within with GOD, than by most zealous speculations. Plenty of people in this world to mind planning and opinions, but how few to build in GOD, and be

* Simon Gabriel Brute.

silent, like our JESUS. Yet He did, most surely, mean you to be one of the few, and how stands the improvement of the grace. I am almost sure I know.

✠

(A fragment of paper.)

—but, it will not measure there with the sentence. O, my Brother, for the day of language without measure! How much I shall say to you when it will be by a look of the soul!

✠

1816. Saints Peter and Paul.

Simon and Peter are the same—
O, for the spirit of the Apostles!—

My penance in St. Francis said: "Humility which does not produce generosity is indubitably false, because, after it has said, I can do nothing, I am nothing but pure nothingness, it should also quickly give place to generosity which says, there is nothing, there can be nothing impossible in proportion as I place all my

confidence in GOD, who can do all. And with this confidence it undertakes courageously," etc. etc.

I beg much this good courage for you to-day, in the word so dear, *Thou art the Christ.*

Sisters Betsy, Margaret and Sus laughing at poor ghastly Bec, who says so gaily, after sitting most of the night in her chair. "Oh, this is a beautiful day! I must go to the piano. I must practise to-day."

Sus says, "Why, you have been practising all night."

"Yes," Bec answers, "but that is another kind of practising."

Poor beloved! We examine much together if she is in the good disposition of *the Will.* She is so sure, "Only," she says, "perhaps I indulge my feelings too much, not staying in bed at night, but, I do suffer so in it!" Strange indulgence! Yet do pray for the poor lamb. It has so many old, and even saucy ways of pride, pretension, (Seton maladies) etc.

✠

1816. Sunday, the leper.

Dearest Communion.

At two o'clock your most blessed Hanover letter brought, read twice to Rebecca and Cecil before Three o'clock Adoration where we meet all so well of militant, suffering and glorious.

Our delight inexpressible to read your soul for the poor departing darling, who after sung Vespers with me, and read with full joy the chapter in Temporal and Eternal on the *agility* hereafter to be given to her little poor body. Laughed gladly at the thought, that like some Ignatius or Anthony of Padua, you make your walking journeys with an anticipated *agility* to be perfected in the high, eternal regions. At least, may the love which burned in their hearts, be in yours,—even *now*.

St. Lazare. Communion.

Directed those of the Sisters to thanks for the blessed missioners sent to en-

lighten our savage land, and try to turn my own for good, dying Mr. Jordan, and Mr. Duhamel's sorrows and cares about the election feast in his little Emmittsburg. But the heart will keep to its Glorias through the rounds of the day.

Rebecca asks very calmly, "Mother, do I grow stronger, or weaker?"

"Why, my love, *weaker*, since your pain in side, sore breast, and cough".

"Well then," said she, turning to her side pillow, "I go to the land of the living. Sometimes how I long for it, then again I lose sight of it, and feel so heavy."

Peace—Our GOD. Never my soul in the quiet as now,—long as He pleases to look down on His poor one, poor, and in misery.

Our GOD—Our GOD. Two hours could only say that.

Bec insists to send for you if she is dying. She says, "*He would not deny me that!*"

✠

Understand, and let not your too kind, too patient heart in its turn "be sad." The sadness of mine I cherish as a grace, and do hope to have it to my *last hour*, because it makes me so watchful that I cannot open my lips since *St. Raphael's* day without fear, *a blessed fear*. Would that I had had it these forty years,—how short my account would be. And be assured that sorrowful mixture which works in every prayer sleeping or waking, and asks our GOD continually: "Am I indeed in full charity with all?" is no work of temptation, because, after the look over the whole, and repeated act of contrition, such as poor I can offer, I give up all to our dear GOD of mercy and compassion...

Besides, it is a community grace, for I have said to our Betsy and Margaret since. "Do you know what you do? mind, I have agonies of soul for less than that." They are both quite too

easy, as well as myself on this edge of mortal sin.

O, my GOD! If He was not my GOD, I should go crazy in head as well as the poor body.

✠

Brain and heart burning, (this day of St. Stephen who saw Heaven open) with our poor Miss M's questions on Faith. I pour out the soul to GOD in answer, hoping He will put the right words in my mouth. But how dangerous for me should I only darken by the heterogeneous mixture of words and feelings you so well know in poor Mother—Alas! you would say more to her in two hours than I in years. Poor girl! she has to combat the horrid impressions of the deriders, and mockers of religion, as well as the *rest* of her oppositions.

Yet such good dispositions, esteeming herself in this house as a wretch, as I did myself in Leghorn. The Superior gives her his Count de Valmont to in-

struct her, but that goes but little way. Do, do, do pray for her. She says she believes our Redeemer came, but *why* Original Sin?— then, why *a God* did so much to repair it, etc. etc. —Tut!–my vacant brains were never busy enough about that to mind even what I have read of it, except to ADORE, and skip up to the scene where all will be revealed. She started when I told her gravely they were *mysteries of Love*, as much as when I assured her I was only an *adorer* too of the mystery of *the Church*, the only Ark in the world, and all the heathens, savages, sects, etc. were only in my heart for prayer, but never in my brain for what became of them, or to trouble my Faith in His wisdom, and mercy, the Father, most tender Father of *all*, my IMMENSE GOD, I, His atom.

Peace—peace—peace—

To-morrow 1817.

Very well.

Eternity hastens.

Heart dances while it tries to be serious on that point of points.

Happy Eternity to you, blessed President of St. Mary's. May she take good care of you this 1817 coming.

✠

Old, old Mrs. Wyse, eighty years I believe, comes too for her Communion. After she cried over the "Mother" in a transport of expression of her piety, she asked for "the church." There she is in her arm chair, while Ma Farrell calls me behind the curtain to tell "*her* miseries"—

Obliged to stop the piano and Litany to keep the dear old eighty years old woman in her senses. She clasped hold of me, fixed her eyes a long time on mine, up in the clouds singing JESUS CHRISTI and dropped on her knees—

Now all asleep—

Trinity Sunday.

Magnificent day for the soul,—mine swells, the poor atom! Mr. Kerney, the old, buried at Emmittsburg this evening,

and poor Joe Elder at the Mount. O, *I* not buried yet! "Wretch," as says Ma Farrell.

Will you please to give, or send this to Mr. Cooper, if he is not gone, and if he is gone, will you please to *open* it, and take out William's and Filicchi's letters and send them to Père Grassy, if he is not gone.

And will you please to bless the happiest of women in the Holy Trinity this day. (always excepting those who love better,)—and be your dear Reverence, blessed.

Here a little St. Gabriel for your breviary, fallen accidentally in the hands of Sœur Margaret, who begs you to remember Tuesday will be St. Margaret's day. and that you will bless—And Thursday is *Thursday!*

✠

August, 1817.

May you be spared the agony of heart to see the poor good L—who once adorned your sanctuary in Baltimore, where I

had last seen him, now with wife and child. I burst in tears at the sad reverse, and now, three hours after, the tears to our JESUS redouble—

O, His Kingdom! laborers for His vineyard!

Poor, poor blind ones! Such a Lord! Such a Master! Such a divine, and glorious service, but blind, blind, and lost to love and duty, groping along through the bright, heavenly light which shines so lovely to the happy ones who *comprehend*.

The poor L. tells me Sister Rose is much better. I write her earnestly about New York. The desire of my heart and soul for her going to New York has been long pressing; for so much must depend, as says the good gentlemen who write about it, on *who* is sent to my "*Native City*," they say, not knowing that I am a citizen of the world. The Bishop also writes about it, asking three Sisters for such an Orphan Asylum as in Philadelphia, to begin on a small plan, —excellent—the little mustard seed! O,

if my Rose can go I shall be proud. She will keep so well the dignity of rules and pure intentions.

But, the only Will for His atoms who build upon nothing.

I rest in silence with His President in His adorable Heart.

✠

Went down the chapel steps, holding the dying fainting heart in the hand to our good GOD, to meet a carriage, supposing William there.

But, Mrs. Montgomery–

Very well–

Poor lady! and a Protestant lady with her. When I see all the people *so various*, my head and heart go wild with joy that He is *God*, and our *God*,–and we, His poorest creatures. Served indeed so badly, yet He sees the poor heart, and, I hope, the constant fear of offending,–and the thirst to see Him better served and loved.

How your heart would ache for this Mrs W...How mine recoils from the

human details she makes it while it presses our Lord, insists even that he will pity hers, the most completely blind of any I yet saw,–not for faith indeed,–since she has rather enough to condemn her, but the absolute ignorance of common principal of "Forgive, as we forgive." Such obstacles to grace in one who values herself on *piety*–O, our GOD! incredible if she did not herself speak it.

Such is the religion of dear Protestants, the most enlightened. Our coarsest Catholic sees so clearly, compared with them, on these essential points of charity.

✠

Eighteenth of August 1817.

After passing a day with this poor Mrs W...and hearing her sentiments on her family affairs, and affections, I see plainly why so many souls remain in their deep darkness, why the light shines

so full in darkness, and yet is not perceived.

—Our God—

They think they know Him, and love Him, but have not the least glimpse of what spirit He is, or their direct contradiction to it.

Oh! the deep, sad impression to my soul,—but we must pray, pray.

This lady declares the Catholic Faith is the true Faith, but I see plainly she has obstacles to grace which our God alone can remove.

Oh! then, to pray, pray is all I see. She kept my heart so well under the press, showing all her oppositions to the reign of our Jesus, (herself obstinately bent to support them,) that I spent truly a day of tears, and interior cry to Him, to see how they bind His blessed Hands, prevent His words, and yet hold up the head in boast that they are true Christians. Let my heart then bleed with yours.

✠

Not even little acts for obtaining fear or anxiety about this death can move that strong hold of peace, thanksgiving, and abandon of every atom of life and its belongings to Him,—even William I can see but in the great whole.

I cannot cry even for edification and duty, (you laugh.)—

What life indeed! A grey headed carpenter whistling over the plank he measures for Ellen's* coffin, just; beyond, the ground ploughing to plant *potatoes*,—just beyond again good Joe, I believe, making the pit to plant Ellen for her glorious resurrection, beautiful life,—the whole delight *in God*. O, what relish in *that word!*

✠

Sunday.

Good Shepherd. Watching night, and cramp breast made heavy head for Communion. As the tabernacle door

* Sister Ellen Brady, died April 21, 1818.

opened, the pressing thought. *This Bread should not be given to a dog, Lord.* Immediately as the eyes closed, a white, old shepherd dog feeding from the shepherd hand in the midst of the flock, as I have seen in the fields between Pisa and Florence came before me.

Yes, my Saviour, you feed your dog, who at the first sight can hardly be distinguished from the sheep,—but the canine qualities you see.—

✠

Sunday.

With your calculation of twenty years yet, do pray for your Mother as if it would be twenty weeks, because I hasten sensibly every night.

The "nights of my pleasures" are my good traveling hours. Then in the morning fed with the new falling manna, I am so bright, but He will show gently.

This morning our *Adored harp* pressed close on the aching breast, we swept every sacred chord of praise and thanks-

giving. Then weeping under the willows of that horrid Babylon, whose waters are drunk so greedily, while our heavenly streams pass by unheeded, the silent harp is pressed closer and closer.

Mind not my follies. I see the everlasting hills so near, and the door of my eternity so wide open that I turn too wild sometimes.

O! if all goes well for me, what will I not do for you! You will see.

But, alas!

Yet, if I am not one of His elect, it is I only to be blamed, and when *going down*, I must still lift the hands to the very last look, in praise and gratitude for what He has done to save me...

What more could He have done?

That thought stops all.

Again your restless thoughts strike me to the soul. You made the lesson of *the grace of the moment* so very plain to me I owe you perhaps my very salvation by the faults and sins it has saved me from, yet Physician you will not heal yourself. You surely would not leave

your Brother * *now*, and if our GOD does indeed graciously destine you for China, will He not, seeing the overflowings of your boiling heart for it, open an evident door.

The *infidelities* which may keep His designs suspended—Ah! that's another thing,—that the point of reparation!... O, if I go, and *all goes well* you shall not be in suspense.

✠

...All is a true mystery to me in your disposition. Much greater mystery than any of *Faith*. A man of your particular principle *on paper*, who has evidently the most dear and special graces, not given drop by drop, as to other souls, but poured over your head in a daily torrent. Yet I seldom see you but in such wild enthusiasms of your own particular impression of the moment, that you can see nothing, hear nothing but that one object; or else quite *reserved*, *hurt and anxious* because you have not

* Mr. Dubois.

been consulted in things *which spoke for themselves*, or others, which we would not dare take your advice about, without knowing the Superior's will;—or others again, which like the poor German smiths go over in our blind ignorance, and I never even guess I have not done well until some one points it out.

How troubled too because Mr. Dubois don't come.—And what responsibility have you?—Is it your zeal, and desire of the good you imagine he will do?—You ought to know our Rev. Superior by this time, and see that he is not to be *pushed* any where, and your *urging* him cannot but keep him away. When any thing essential happens I always inform him of it, and if the thing is not essential, his absence often hinders a fuss about nothing, and suffers pets and little passions to drop in silence.

You speak as if your Mother's confidence is deficient, but it is surely not at this time I am to open your eyes on my situation in this Community.

As to *private* concerns, I have none,

unless it be my trials occasionally at the conduct of different Sisters, and that you have forbid me speaking of, and since you think proper, and I am acquitted before GOD, I am too happy it is so.

For *the rest*, as to confidence, devoted love, and happy heart, our dear Saviour is my witness that no soul could be more blessed than mine with regard to you,—too much for the few days of my life, but I reflect with Him in secret on my present willingness *to live*, so different from the past *nine years dragging*, and the tranquil dispositions my continual feast, instead of the *war of nature* which was so long my daily bread.

If you could *feel* as I do, the *union* of Betsy, Joanna and Margaret with me in the management *since you are here*, you would bless GOD, as I do, *in peace*, instead of your restless desires.

✠

Mind not my health. Death grins broader in the pot every morning, and I grin at him and show him his master.

I see nothing in this world but the blue sky, and altars; all the rest is so plainly not to be looked at, but all left to Him with tears only for sin. We talk now all day long of my death, and how it will be just like the rest of the house work.

What is it else? What come in the world for? Why in it so long?

But, this last, great eternal end—It seems to me so simple, when I look up at the crucifix simpler still, so that I went to sleep before I had made any thanksgiving but Te Deum and Magnificat after Communion.

To-morrow *first* Friday in month, and Saturday is my own day.

Oh, be blessed! as the poorest sinner is!

VISITATION.

Magnificat at sunset this evening.

✠

Eternity, Eternity, Eternity, a thousand times sounding in the heart, with

views of thousands of thousands angels and saints.

The vacant throne. Suspended crown.

Our only Beloved interceding.

✠

Examination of Mother's Correspondence by Mr. Brute.

17. September, 1829.

Shall the letters be examined by me?

YES.

1. Obligation of the Superior of the house as her subject.

2. For the parents and Sisters mixed.

3. For the Hobart and the first Memoirs published with such sophism and dangers.

4. The whole me seems is as much the property of St. Joseph's, and more, as of the children.

5. I see no act of Mother to the contrary.

6. This is, I think, the true and sufficient rule of public houses, to return of

the papers of those who die in actual office "sans compte-rendu," only the personals that concern the heirs.

NO.

1. The trust is to Sister Martha.

Answer. She, judge of it, delivers it, and authorizes me.

2. The letters after death are still under the usual reserve.

Answer. If of strictly private import.

3. The heirs may claim.

Answer. How so? why so? Who? Josephine? William? They know better.

4. Motives not sufficient.

Answer. Indeed, enough before such papers are carried either to Protestant trust, or rather abuse, or to a foreign shore.

1. About February, 1829, (or earlier a time,) consulted by Sister Martha, I answered that it was a private trust. I asked only to see my letters, and leave them. She declined until authorized by Josephine.

2. The 10th. September I said to her, I doubted much whether it was not more in order to see the whole, and that I would consult Mr. Carrière, and I made a memorandum for it that day.

3. I thought no more of it, waiting for the coming of Mr. C. to consult.

4. The 12th. Sister Martha told me she had consulted with Mother, (she is herself the Assistant in office,) and that they decided they should be inspected, and I was the one chosen.

5. They called me both to the trunk; I found it open, and a mass of letters poured over the floor. Sister Sally, and Sister Rachel Fogarty* were also there.

6. It was resolved to put them in, and send the trunk to the College.

7. (They complained that many of Mother sent to Baltimore were there showed, and read.)

8. The 15th. the trunk was sent to the College. I found it at my door without further letter or notice.

* Dear old Sister Mary Paul.

✠

Note: The papers underwent a thorough scrutiny; labels, notes, envelopes attest the care he gave to the task, and the importance he attached to it. He begins with a tiny package marked:

"The old, nameless writings of Miss Bayley, soon to become Mrs. Seton, and years after the first Mother of the Daughters of Charity.* Truly models of light, innocent writing worth preserving.

And continue:

Notes for Mother, life and Death—
Journal de la Mére.
Copy of a letter by Filicchi who wished to have the original.

O Providence! A most interesting letter for the study of Mother's primitive dispositions of heart.

In 1793 attached to another E. She married Mr. Seton in 1794. This is a masterly study of one's self from a young person. Read it attentively!!!

* In the United States.

Never let go this. Poor Mother, 1799! Perverted to Rousseau and Emile by her unhappy friend Mrs. S...O, read the end! O, Providence! 1799—1805—1821!!

Precious note of her conversion when returning from Leghorn and at sea she prepared to meet the displeasure of her family, *her brother H*—(was it *Hobart*? Perhaps, being so attached to him.)

Messrs. Filicchi letters. To be carefully preserved. Two of Mr. Philippo admirable. How a simple merchant, with the strong Catholic principles, and good sense shows easily the vanity of protestant divines.

Confer these letters of the Filicchis with the big book of Hobart, also carefully to be preserved.

Part of the original papers which Hobart has so treacherously printed as Memoirs of Mrs. Seton.

✠

Memoirs of Mrs. S...

Written by herself. A fragment of real history. Elizabethtown, N. J. Printed by Kollock, for the publisher. 1817.

On the title-page written for himself and others eight pages of introduction, —first character of Mrs. Seton. Then page ten "There is one fact connected with the voyage which we have not yet related. At the Lazaretto, Mrs S. became a *Catholic!* Her daughter Ann of which she so feelingly speaks, afterwards took the veil at a convent of which her mother is now *Abbess* near Baltimore in Maryland. Ann is now dead, and we trust with the redeemed in Heaven.

This work was not written with any intention of ever coming to the eye of the public but for the gratification of a Sister * and is entitled in the original, *private* memoirs. The only excuse we

* Miss Rebecca Seton, who died June 10, 1804.

would offer for presuming to publish it, (if an excuse should be asked,) is, on a perusal of the manuscript we were pleased, and struck with an idea that it would be *beneficial* if given to the world; we therefore have taken the liberty of making it public.

Although the author is now buried within the dark walls of a monastery, it is to be hoped *all* her writings may emerge to the light, for they will be considered an acquisition to the Christian library, and precious in the annals of American literature; and may vie with those of Miss Smith, More, and others in celebrity.

In the conclusion the publisher must return his sincere thanks to the public for their liberal patronage hoping on a future occasion he may experience the same kindness.

On the back of the colored paper covert is printed:

Extract of the proposal for printing Mrs S...Memoirs.

Conditions:

1. To contain about ninety pages:
2. To be printed on good type and paper:
3. To be neatly bound in fancy colored boards:
4. Each subscriber to pay fifty cents on delivery.

The Memoirs begin the 19th. of November 1803 landing at the Lazaretto of Leghorn: conclude the 28th, December, after the death which was the 27th. December.

Then a blank page of... Then a note of the publisher in italic, to regret not to have the sequel; then some days more, the 4th. June 1804, to the 10th. the death of her Sister Miss Rebecca Seton.

I am sure it is Bishop Hobart who printed the Journal of Mother Seton. She had trusted it to him, he took a copy, and probably makes a private use of it for his devotees etc.

A most admirable letter of spiritual

advice etc. of Bishop Carroll, shortly before the conversion of Mrs. Seton. She made her first Communion the twenty-fifth of March following. To be carefully preserved and sooner or later printed with so much of edification.

A most precious account of her entering the church 14th. March 1805, and her principal lectures * A' Kempis, etc. etc. It is enough to answer the treacherous printing of the "Memoirs of Mrs. S."

Keep this sacredly for use in *tempore opportunis.*

Some other papers mark her struggles for conversion. Some older ones relate the danger she was in for infidelity—seduced by reading Rousseau and Voltaire, many volumes of which she had yet, and delivered to me, Emile etc.,

1807. Canada plan, and in January 1807, that of Mr. Dubourg for the

* Readings.

Sisters. His first communication to Mrs. Seton.

Upon a letter of Dr Matignon.

O, Providence! foundation of St. Joseph's!

Mother at the College of Baltimore. Letters of all detail, and to preserve carefully till used in due time

Beginnings of the Sisters. So much fervor and simplicity of purpose. GOD and Heaven. All the Priests angels themselves to her.

✠

A beautiful letter of Mr. Filicchi when Mrs. Seton converted. The last page pledging funds at her call without limitation. Preserve carefully those letters; time for a good use of them is coming.

✠

When yet teaching deliberating to go to Canada. The consultation is, I think,

to Archbishop Carroll, as is the approbation for her either coming to Baltimore or going to Canada.

✠

Some of Mother Seton's writings. Preserve them. Some very interesting. All picture *that* soul.

The arrival of Mrs. Seton to the Mountain and St. Joseph's. It was in 1809, Mother left Baltimore in a wagon with...

They had to land first at the Mountain, and were accommodated on the hill, in the house annexed to that of Mr. Duhamel.

Both had been built by Mr. Dubois, the one further south for himself, the very cradle of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, the addition north to it for the Thompson family, the old mother, and Miss Heney attended at that time on him.

(Ask Sister Sally all about Miss

Heney—Mrs. Brooks also, and Miss Polly Mullan.)

✠

Bishop Cheverus visit to St. Joseph's. Memorandum to be preserved.

✠

Many things important for the beginnings amidst much of the useless chit chat,—nay, little weakness to be well understood by the prudent ones who may in time review all this.

An interesting letter of Mr. Ogden, (brother-in-law, I think) to prevent Harriet Seton's conversion.

The three-fourths first part poor controversy. The two last pages threats of dreadful events, persecution, demolition of all Catholic houses in that "Frenchified State of Maryland." etc.

Leaves New York 9th June to go by packet; 16th June lands in Baltimore.

October 1808, speaks of the intended Sisterhood, she a Mother, and says, "my house." Even in August letter, names herself "Mother" to her sister Cecily.

Mr. Babade has found two in Philadelphia, Mr. Dubourg had been at the Mountain.

Flatters herself in a few years to return to New York.

April, 1809 most precious for the history of the Sisterhood. She Mother.

Wm. Seton, husband of Mrs Seton was yet a British subject, resident as merchant in the city of New York, as on the passport or protection given him, and Mother Seton to go to Leghorn (in 1803) where he died, and GOD began thus the Sisterhood.

In 1811 the Sisters of Charity in France still expected to come. 18!

Mr. Bruté was appointed Bishop of Vincennes in May 1834. In August of the same year the manuscripts were returned to St. Joseph's with the following:

A. M. D. G.

✠

☞ *Note.*

This collection of papers contains a number of important documents for the early history of the Sisters, and of Mrs. Seton. Their examination and further use was properly deferred at some years distance, and ought yet remain suspended for some more. In the meantime, they ought not to be destroyed, as in a critical review, and final use whatsoever, sometimes a few apparently useless lines supply a data, or complete the proper qualification of some fact.

As, of course, such papers contain occasionally parts, lines, or expressions, that ought to remain sufficiently a matter of trust, and special confidence, they should be kept locked in a private place, and only a proper person engaged to prepare them for use.

Should Providence offer yet a chance to him who so far preserved them, and saved many from destruction,—to whom

even a good part belonged personally, which he thus confidently leaves, that he might bestow the time, and attention he is now denied for their best use, he claims humbly and affectionately to be called upon for it.

Mount St. Mary's Seminary.
22 August, 1834.

† Simon Bruté

✠

Note: In 1815, Rev. Mr. Bruté went to Europe accompanied by William Seton. The interests of the Mountain, the Valley and the Village were nearly identical in those days, and Mr. Bruté's heart shared largely in all. His request in parting to his "Brother," Mr. Dubois for a journal was a very natural one, if not very practicable. Foreseeing difficulties in the way of execution he suggested to Mr. Dubois to "chargez la Mére de ce petit journal." Fragments of this journal remain, and show the simple home-life, and common-place incidents of early times at the Mountain and in the Valley.

First letter from New York. All the house around to know what the "Brother" said. O my grateful soul! After it was too late, the thought that I had not begged you to *lodge* William always

with you made me tremble, and to hear you had been firm on a point so dear, on which I had even earnestly prayed! Mystery of infinite Goodness! I try to repay at the tabernacle, while on the high seas rolling billows up to the heavens and down to the deep.

Now in retreat. The Superior in his element. Almost I laughed out at his opening, telling the children to be as many little stumps, no, "*chunks*" of fire put together; *one*, he said if left alone, would soon go out. My eye fell on an old black stump in the corner, and a big inward sigh to the live coal far away which used to give it the blaze in a moment.

SATURDAY. EVE OF ST. JOSEPH'S PATRONAGE. The First Communions of the Valley, 1815. Your letters of Easter Saturday and Sunday just received. Alas! so much for the distance of only forty miles,—what then for thousands! But, my heart is laughing at your anxious desire for William, *not only to take him, but desire and wish to have him*...and

laughing too at your earnest request to your Brother so dear, for a journal from him, or, you say, "Chargez la mère de ce petit journal."

Well, as far as this day I believe you have all, only that Mr. Duhamel has been two weeks home with many complaints arising from cold. Ma Farrell nurses him. (O, most happy!) and Joanna good Mr. Egan, who is almost gone. Mr. Hickey quite well. So embarrassed with the three minutes I stand by his table in the morning. I believe it is the plague of his life, yet I persevere, and often catch a word to show him what he is in the eyes of my Faith. Blessed soul! We have nursed him, and given him all the little cares we could. I give him a share of Martina's bitters, make him candy for his cough, etc.

Letters from Philadelphia most urgent Sisters will be sent immediately. Rose says, when she saw the "Brother," it was as if she saw Mother Superior, and the whole Sisterhood...and your Mass there and the last, at my New York.

Your Brother's health is miraculous. Mr. Duhamel says, speaking of you: "Poor, crazy Bruté if his neck a'int broke, the Lord help him! But you are very happy ma'am to have such a gentleman take care of your son." "O, most happy indeed, dear Sir." And good Miss Polly puts up her eyes, and clasps her hands echoing "O, most happy indeed."

Here comes Rebecca smiling and bright as an angel, says, "Dear Mother, I am *all clean I hope;* just received my absolution!" O, the light heart! and a big new swelling come in the highest part of the lame leg. Darling! Josephine, in her endless anxieties, not yet heard, comes to ask: "Is biting the fingers, and biting the nails, all the same sin?" Dear, dear child! O when she knows truly what sin is, —must she? Our JESUS!

ST. JOSEPH'S PATRONAGE after the Communions of our thirty white caps; twelve First Communions, your good youngest Gallagher and Marcan most sweet and edifying. Your Brother is

delighted with a First Communion he gave little Hughes, (Daniel Hughes' child) on her death-bed last night. As soon as he brought in our Lord, she put up her hands and cried: "O my GOD! I thank you." He had his deacon Dedier; and *sub* Elder, and is as gay as can be, planning and laying out future "What I will do." He lives in futurity, and I in the past, until the *World of Realities*, loving dearly to look often at our Easter tomb when looking at anything; but, such a vacant brain! Only to press the crucifix on the heart, and look up in silence, or at the Eye within, that is all, and let the rest pass its way, as you, and my soul's William on your high seas.

Reading a picture of Judgment to our black caps the other evening, I got laughing, as so often happens when my nerves are weak, and to hide it I said, I hope at least in the great rising we will each be able to lay hold of our crucifix that we may hold it up for defence, and all agreed it was a shame that we

have so few in the house that we cannot allow a poor Sister in her coffin that last possession. Then the next thought was to write to the Brother to beg him to bring us three or four dozen ever so coarse, ever so common; and then your act of charity too will appear "when the elements will be melting." Our GOD! When will I be good, and look at Death and Judgment as I ought! Pray for that fear for your poor Mother...The girls make the house resound with their hymns. Do you remember, "Come let us lift our joyful eyes" at Mr. Duhamel's?

Ma Farrell makes us laugh till we cry. She went to nurse Mr. Duhamel. "I walked in Mother, with my cabbage leaves in my pocket to dress the Reverend gentleman's blister, and he refused my services because he had some old woman he had sent for. So I told him, 'Mr. Duhamel, *Mother sent me here, the Superior*, I am sure, wished me to come, *Sister Betsy*, I know, wished it, and *Margaret* herself desired I should be sent;—(all the Council) and so, Mr.

Duhamel, if you will not let me dress the blister, at least, I will have a hand in it.' And so, Mother, I picked my leaves most carefully, and stayed it out. Then the Reverend Gentleman was so much better next day, and Miss Polly so much better, we sat all to breakfast together, and, the Lord forgive me!—in the middle of breakfast I remembered there was no grace said, and up I got to say mine, and up got Mr. Duhamel to say his, but he was not offended for before I left him, I was the best old woman in the whole country, and he did not know how to part with me."

ST. ANSELM — The last word from the Narrows, and going with pressing sails—O our JESUS! He held the poor heart in His own hand while it gasped to Him, and Him alone. Well! that is done. Now the Morning Sacrifice and Evening Adoration *full* indeed. They who have neither!

ST. MARK—A most dear Communion for the absent—your brother sang

the Litany. I search my vacant brain, and not a word while the heart flows and overflows. I would note you something about his affairs, but they seem to me, all comprised in his *cautious, equal, daily grace* almost miraculous. A moment of vexation on receiving Mr. Bertrand's bill to Mrs. Seton, but I laughed him out of the important affair. To tell you how gay and cheerful he is, it is impossible.

Mr. Duhamel says, "Poor Hickey got a great compliment this morning, An Irishman told him the three priests at the Mountain all put together are not worth one Bruté. Poor creatures," the old gentleman adds, "they tell me to my face, now Bruté's gone, all is gone. Some say they will not go to confession till he comes again. Poor, dear, good Bruté! Did you see his letter ma'am, *to every body to save souls?* Poor, crazy Bruté! he says he will be on the high seas; he would be much better here attending his congregation. He could 'tend six congregations at least. He can do what

would kill ten men, if you only give him bread, and two or three horses to ride to death, one after the other. Poor Gentleman! if he was but steady!"

"But, Mr. Duhamel," I said, "he is sent by the Gentlemen in Baltimore; by Mr. Tessier."

"Oh, my dear ma'am, he has turned their heads too." Very well! what a fine account of your Mr. Brute! and he loves you so much he is mad you are gone, and loses patience whenever he speaks of it. So drolly he said you had "Used at least three reams of paper to convert Peter and Paul, but you will never do any thing while you keep rambling about." So, considered well; many a truth is said in jest as you know.

A letter from Mrs. Sadler, very reserved. "I have done all that human prudence could do in sending William with such a guide"...

CECIL'S DEAR ANNIVERSARY. EVE OF ROGATION SUNDAY. Your Brother's very soul dancing at a *new thought* of

moving old Peter's house to the side of Mr. Duhamel's house, and planting *three old Sisters* there. (May be I shall go at last.) "*I propose, I intend, I will.*" Very well. And Anastasia and Julia go to relieve poor good Teresa, and Rose will take the school of little ones. Josephine goes to return with the carriage of Livers with Susan.

SUNDAY. And our so dear Mountain altar! O, the hours in that tribune! Silence soul until eternity! And our good Superior running out of the little cell down the hill without hat, calling: "Mother! Mother!" and the sudden news, Bonapart etc, and the ship would, perhaps turn back!

MONDAY. Poor Gibson here, protesting so much. "And nothing to withhold him from GOD!" Yet remaining, because of *studies*. I told him: if you were studying for a wife, you would study fast enough. Reminded him of blessed Mr. Moneyhan who would at least take care of the negroes for our JESUS. Alas,

a priest more or less in our country, and the high calling! Yet I did not make him angry, for he forgot forms, and seized the withered hand in parting, or rather fingers, so quickly drawn back, with a look up to our GOD...Now for the *last time*, the *Pascha nostrum immolatus*, etc. O, the music of that Preface!

EVE OF ASCENSION. *Jesu Voluptas Cordium, Victor triumpho nobili*, but my two words, *lacrymarum gaudium*— The thousand pressing thoughts! Dare not hope you will be at the altar before Whit-Sunday. That begged for with the whole cry of the heart, that first in your dear France again, William servant— Silence! our GOD!

Five or six Communions only of the congregation. A terrible "Deo gratias" from Uncle Elesius, about a dozen 'Ohs' to Mr. Hickey's (deacon) ten; a most heavy spiritual atmosphere for ascensions after a long council, but the spirit *willing*—

Your Brother begs you to bring your poor little bad Mother a *Breviary*, one

side English or French. It is his very, very particular wish.

St. Michael. Our hour of death. In the meantime gave our Rev. J. Hickey * a scolding he will remember. The congregation so crowded yesterday, and so many strangers to whom he gave a sermon so evidently *lazy*, and answered this morning: "I did not trouble myself much about it ma'am."

"O, Sir! that awakens my anger. Do you remember a priest holds the honor of God on his lips? Do you not trouble yourself to spread His fire, He wishes so much enkindled? If you will not study and prepare while young, what when you are old? There is a Mother's lesson!"

"But, prayer—"

"Yes, prayer and *preparation* too."

Blessed soul! God has not given, yet He *may* give.

Our dear, worn out Sus returned. What must be the meetings in Heaven!

* Destined to be in after years the Superior of her Community.

So happy to have her alive that she may die with Mother. But such letters from Baltimore about the late event. What is the worst, and the worst that can happen to the dearest Death? and what of that, but the poor "pupil" who may make shipwreck of his dear eternal interest, or the one hand less to hold the chalice. *There the point,* and the *immense interests.*

We now make your meditations of last year's octave to the Holy Spirit. This night the last of poor sinners who will let the heavenly feast *pass by.* Our GOD! How will we, in the very sanctuary improve them?

✠

WHITSUN EVE. This, the third sheet, for good Mr. Bertrand's voyage, now renounced, but the good Angel will direct. Whitsun Eve at the foot of St. Mary's Mountain, from whence the thousand streams of remembrances coming down with the silent, heavenly dews which to the "whole world gives excess

of joy" as says our divine Preface. The GOD of our hearts sees what passes in mine on such a festival of desires, remembrances and realities, with its unutterable cries to the *lux beatissima* which is to prevade so intimately every faithful heart. The hope that you will be at His altar, and there receive the Olive of Peace from the mystic Dove, or if yet shut up in your ark, the abundance He will pour, either overflows the soul of the poor American Mother with torrents of desires for you in this season of graces. Your share will be without measure if the poor sinner is heard. The first Mass in France! The dear venerable Mother so long counting days and hours,—the multitude of friends,—yet, *the uncertainties*. So His bosom in silence is the *rendez-vous* at last.

WHIT SUNDAY. So many of the congregation speak of you. Mrs. Uphold in her full innocence says: "If he would come back! I love him so as a saint in his very flesh!" I give many of the little

pictures of the cross with the motto, "He gave Himself for me," in your name, and to remind to pray for you. Five or six Communions only, these two days of Ascension and the Holy Ghost (except the Seminarians,) where there used to be seventy and eighty at High Mass. Perhaps they go to early Communion. I only know, your Brother hardly takes time to breathe, as they say. Yet his health seems as usual.

Friday, One o'clock. If you could see the Superior in the hall surrounded by the singers practising Te Deum for Sunday! I steal to say Litany of the Saints for intention of the Church this blessed Ember Day, and another Veni Sancte for the G. of my JESUS,—*whole soul.*

TRINITY EVE. The impressions of this day like those of yesterday, especially at ten and eleven alone, under the eye of sorrow after the morning affairs of the house settled. The Divine Sacrifice so present; the Holy, holy holy so incessant in the heart. Was it *then?* O our GOD! What is distance or separation,

when our souls plunged in the Ocean of Infinity, sees all in His own bosom! There is no Europe or America there.

Our GOD and, our ALL,—the pen can say nothing! The unions of to-morrow, that is all, in our home choir, and in our tribune at our Mountain, and at the Vespers, and Benediction, Charlotte is to sing *her best* to-morrow. Poor little angel Bec to go in her cart with Sister Sus, though she has a large swelling high in the lame leg. Blessed child!

I forgot to tell you Cecelia has taken my soul in hand, and declares *it shall be perfected*. She will do violence to His Heart, she says, and every Communion, and prayer for that until her Mother is a *true Mother*. She says these things with such awful emphasis, it makes me cold! Yet, how precious the prayers of such a soul!

TRINITY DAY. Seven in the morning. Half hour's thanksgiving amidst the *heights* and *depths God* and His creature! The little visit paid Mr. Hickey, Our two divine Psalms 102 and 103 read—

tears mixed on the Bible, and now would say a word, but not one can speak but *God!*

This the feast of *sky-gazers*. I place Mary in her leathern case on my heart, with earnest beggings that she will keep that eye on Him for us till our octave in eternity, and this day, O on our Mountain! in Him wrapped, and He in us!

On that Mountain the soul's loud cry seeing the good, oldest Galaspy gone, returned to his family health lost, a skeleton! And I a mother of two, both for the world...my sins...I know...Yet His mercies! he sees the torrents at the thought that I bore and suckled them for any thing but His service. O do, do, do pray.

Eve of Corpus Christi. The thousand dear remembrances, with the one dear remembrance—Love be silent!

Corpus Christi. Day so bright and glorious. The Hidden Manna so abundant. All day exposed on your beautiful altar. Crowded congregation. Mr. Hickey's best endeavors. Many communions. Quiet dinner at the Grotto before the old

Cross yet standing after winter storms: draughts of the clear stream; then Benedicite, and back to Adoration, old Europe and America in one!

On the road, in the morning, going gently along under the burning sun, the poor soul was surprised by the momentary light sometimes allowed on such a day, and this moment, begged, as in such moments may be begged, *a soul*,— you understand, and your *unbelieving* brother came quicker than thought. All day then, he was the pole to which the little needle turned, while it went its rounds for the whole world. Alas! he, only one of the millions unmindful, or blind to the glory of our day. Your Mass and Benediction, our Mass and Benediction, only one soul in all!

Your Brother cried out to me what he had lost in his Brother and could hardly restrain his tears at my louder cry. My GOD, what have I not lost! Yet your only Will *forever!* Silence soul! Not sky-gazing, but the heart-burning feast now. *Wrapped in Him,*

with all who love Him, how closely then with the heart of Eternity.

Mr. Tessier writes in such triumph that his darling was called for even by the Superior over the seas on *particular business*, and how happy that this precious pearl was esteemed and confided in equally by *both*. The clearer eye of the mountain, and old microscope of the valley must laugh at these doting grandpapas though so venerable. The darling himself must smile at their purblind optics. Our Lord permits, let it pass! *Tu es sacerdos in æternum, sæcundum ordinem Melchisedech*, there, the soul's grand triumph! All else but smoke.

...This beautiful octave of remembrances passed. Who gave Benediction every evening last year? If you could have seen Sister Betsey dressing your Mountain altar with laurals, and the poor, good Jamison's anxiety! He is so droll; everything must be done by *the book*. We call him the Rubric. Poor, good Floyd is very sick—He is to enter

the sanctuary with youngest Galespy and McGerey if he recovers.

We have our dear eighty-years-old Mrs. Wyse here a week to get once more the Divine Sacrifice, and Communion. She says she has never forgotten you one day, and will not forget. She prays the whole time, dear, dear soul! An enthusiast at her age. When I left her in the morning to go to the Mountain, she would stand on the chapel porch, to look after her little Mother, and when we returned in the evening, met her on her horse going home. She put the bridle on his neck, stretched her arms up with her eyes fixed on the clouds a moment, then on me as for the last look in this life. O my Saviour! the last look! How many, many last looks have I received! —Williams—yours!

You see I say not a word to you of my poor interior world,—the poor, little atom in darkness, clouds and continual miseries, going like a machine in the beautiful round of graces. A sad month the past, but yet another begun in the

same stupidity and weariness of soul and body. Communion itself but a moment of more indulgence for this state of torpor and abandonment, wanting all, and asking nothing, for after so much asking and so much granted, to remain still the same unfaithful thing so long. Poor, poor soul! Where will it end? There the point of *dreadful* uncertainty. I look over to the little sacred woods, then up to the clear vault. All is silent—poor, poor soul!

You pray while we sleep, we pray while you sleep. This an odd comfort, but a great one. The *last* thought with the dear crucifix on the pillow, *your Mass.*

...The good Archbishop says, "How unfortunate Mr. Bruté's going! Will he ever return? I hope so, indeed, and that very soon."

Dear, dear Archbishop, how tenderly he loves you! Take care; you are so well, and too much loved by all. I fear for you,—would rather you should be in China than *too much* a darling here. It is only because they do not know you,

my son,—Yet those 'who know you so well, do they care less?

EVE OF ST. BARNABAS. To look so bright a morning over at the Mountain Church, and around it! The anxious Saturday heart no more there. Words are nothing. The eye on Eternity—that the only remedy.

NIGHT. *Now* the look to the blessed hands bound with cords, and the tears, and blood. The Mother's heart cries by all these to bless—the Mother's heart of Eternity. Nothing in this world this happy eve of your *first Mass. He* entered Simon's ship, bid him launch out in the deep—O yes, *the deep* our JESUS —to leave all, and follow. O that your Simon may, indeed catch, and plunge after souls—your beloved souls, with every breath of his life! My son go! Burn under the torrid zone if He wills it, but do not stay, and eat sugar plums. I am jealous of our Archbishop's doubt.

So many of your Mountain children, and poor blacks came to-day for First

Communion instructions. They were told from the pulpit, all to repair to the Sisterhood. So they came as for a novelty, but we will try our best to fix them —poor dear souls, so unconscious!

S. BARNABAS. A man full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith, exhorting all with *purpose of heart*—how I love that!—to continue in the Lord, O the thousand, thousand thoughts on this so dear festival of the Apostle of Consolation, and the first Mass of my son of Eternity.

So in our Mountain tribune then, the silent torrent. I have reminded your Brother how dear this day's remembrance.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. I hope you think of Filicchi to-day. I dared not ask for Communion this year, though it was granted the last, and received from hands most dear...now the torrent had overflown, and the clouds so thick...*no sunbeam*...alas, alas, alas!

Mrs. Oliver, (so rich you remember) is crazy, and they apply to *us* to receive and take care of her. A precious begin-

ning of our Hospital as he offers any money. You may suppose how many plans of *a building* through the zealous brain of your Brother. "*I will*, I WILL, I WILL," while *I*, with hands crossed on MARY'S picture, and the crucifix under the shawl, bow and assent, and smile, and expect it may be *in Spain*. Yet it may be the moment.

We have eleven Protestant girls since you are gone. One to-day from a heart-broken father, who begged she might receive the strongest religous impressions: "The only consolation in this life," he added. I gave only the silent bow with the eyes *full* from the heart. Our GOD! My tongue was fastened, for he was an *eloquent* refined man of the high world, so—

Rebecca says: "I cried so in my sleep last night, dreaming that the Brother was come back, and had not seen his mother, and while he blessed me, he said, "My mother is dead, Rebecca. She told this so innocently, and added: "If he was but my *real* brother, as well as

my spiritual one, (Poor darling, she does not know that is the only *real*,) yet, Mother, if he was, I could not love him better." Do bring her some little thing, and Josephine, and *above all the Nelsons.*

O yes, the only *real!* Our spiritual world how *real*, and unchangeable its dear dependencies, no dividing oceans, variations of time, and the painful etceteras, *there* I am ever praying and begging for the accomplishment of His will, and establishment of His kingdom *in*, and through His dear *Missioner*, distance and time forgotten,—wrapt!

Yet, such continual gathering of clouds. I read again the hundred *direction* papers of the two years past with yet greater delight than the first reading, and gathered new courage, and stronger faith, than when they were first applied. The grace as present as when they came fresh from the hot press of the burning heart, now cold perhaps, and *surely* far away.

Good Mrs. Nat. Elder has picked up a poor eighty-odd years' sinner from over

the Mountain, among poor Methodists, and *I*, so poor, was sent to see her. Nothing so droll as her answer to the proposal of our mysteries; the continual repetition: "To be sure I can believe! Cannot the great Almighty GOD do it? to be sure!" "Great Almighty GOD," to everything. To-morrow she makes her *First* Communion, (death close by). Eighty-four or five! O, Infinite Goodness!

And I have all the blacks, for my share to instruct. You will, *perhaps*, be back just in time, for the Superior says no one can be ready before October or November. Silence—Eternity! Your heart would ache for him, as mine does, if you could hear what his position is—"Not one soul, Mother, on whom I can rely to see a class well kept, much less to give a spiritual instruction. Mr. Hickey pure as an angel, but—" Poor Superior! Often he will not dine because his head is so suffering, and no sleep. He said laughing; "You see my

hair cut; I met the barber in the woods, and I sat down on a stone to let him do it there. There is no time at home."

Often I remind him of how you would suffer to know how little he spares himself, but you may as well speak to the moon. And he will have to preach now twice for once to let Mr. Hickey prepare his sermons. No one would believe any one so droll in hesitations, and unconnected. Trying to say how the flesh was our enemy he would detail the senses O! and coming to the smell, after hems and stops, and folding his arms: "The smell —*the smell, my brethren distracts us!*"

I pray for him more than ever for your crazy English, and scold him with all authority of an *ancient*, but he says: "Mr. Duhamel says it makes the congregation proud if they see you try to give them good sermons."

"But, my friend, if your subject is unintelligible for want of preparation, and connection, what becomes of *your* grace and theirs?

He shrugs his shoulders, and says: "Pray for me." So it goes. O Eternity! A moment more, and—O, do, do, do pray much for your poorest Mother, and look to my child in everything as your own.

Laudatur Jesus Christus.

✠

Something of what Mother had to say of Rev. Mr. Bruté. *Letter to Mr. Filicchi*

St. Joseph's, 1815

My dear Antonio.

This letter will introduce to you the Rev. Mr. Bruté, a most distinguished soul, as you will know in a moment, if you ever have the happiness of a personal acquaintance. There is no possible recommendation I could give him, which would not be ratified by our Rev. Archbishop, and the blessed Cheverus, by whom he is most highly loved and esteemed. Our Archbishop, indeed, val-

ues him as an inestimable treasure in the Church; and you will find, if you have the happiness to know him yourself, that his uncommon piety, learning, and excellent qualifications (and, even his family, since you Europeans take that in account,) entitle him to the distinguished friendship, and regard of Mr. Filippo and yourself. He has adopted the *great* interests of my William so generously that with yourselves, I consider him our truest friend in GOD. What more can your little sister say to interest you? Judge for yourself. Your

E. A. Seton.

St. Joseph's in the regards of
Rev. Mr. Bruté
From a letter to the Messrs Filicchi.

Writing of Mother in May, 1815. —"Her two little ones, Josephine and Rebecca live with her. These are two angels of goodness and amiability, and as two angels in paradise, for this holy

house is truly Heaven upon earth. Would that you could see it! Ah, if you would write to me that one of you would make a tour upon our continent!"

Bishop Brute to Mother Rose.

✠

J. M. J.

4th. of January 1839 Vincennes, 700 miles from St. Joseph's Valley.

4 *of January*—1821—*Eternity*—

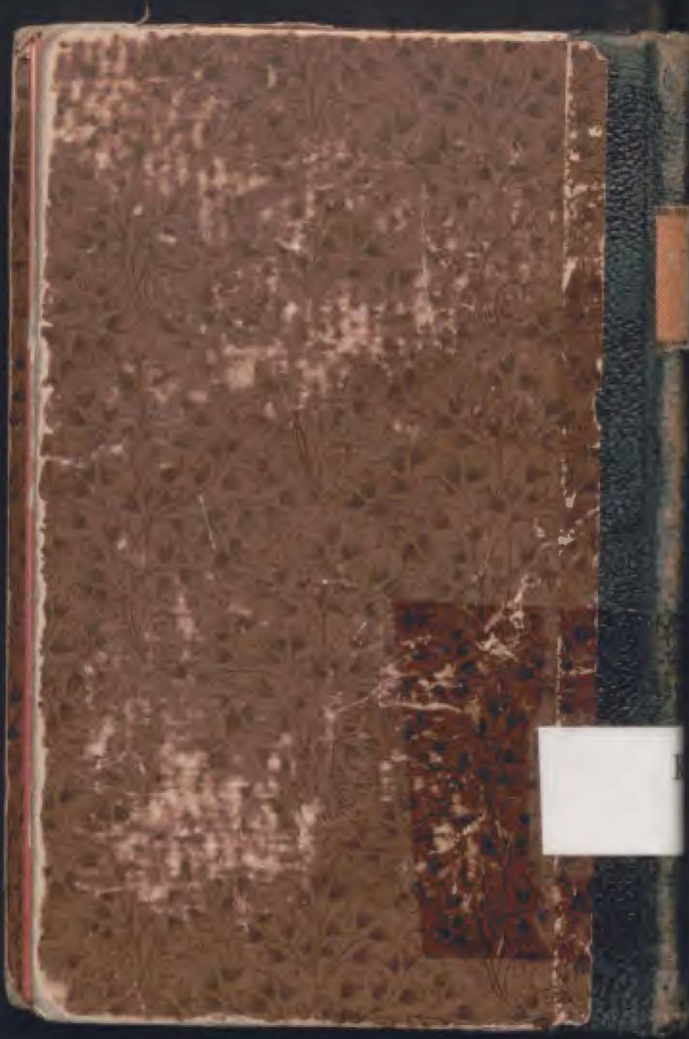
My dear Mother, praise to GOD alone in all!

In your heart and that of Sister Xavier for this special remembrance, I do mark a moment once more on earth this early morning when Mother Seton laid in her silent, cold, stiff clay, the soul gone to her Saviour after her fervent last appeal: "Blood of JESUS, purify me," and last perfect adorations and submis-

sion to the only Will, as Pius Seventh's prayer expressed it for her; "May the most high and amiable will of GOD be praised and exalted in all!" That poor humble clay now finishing her mouldering, and O, if you did open that grave, such a nameless mass now! In place of that so placid, pious, kind, affectionate,—yet for the sins of this earth, and exceeding misery,—something melancholy countenance of a face where in a look, in a smile all was told of that soul and heart and mind so much as it had pleased GOD your foundress should for His glory possess above any common level, that it was enough for one of her little letters for Archbishop Carroll, one half hour introduction for Mr. Gaston, one some half hour another time for Archbishop Maréchal to feel so charmed and delighted as to be obliged to express it: "What a woman, that good Mrs. Seton!" I, I bear that witness: but, what need of it for you Mother, Xavier, or any one, who all of you bear rather with a

temptation of impatience that I essay any way to represent to you after seventeen years of anniversaries what is for all who knew her–You, you, my brother Hickey, whom she affectionated for GOD'S sake so well, is, I say as present, and as vivid as to me, when you choose to recall a moment before you, realize one sight more of Mother Seton—I *see* her...you *see* her.

† S. Bruté

Bp. Vincennes.

On the twenty-sixth of the following June Bishop Bruté *passed to his eternity.*
R. I. P.